

WAR CRY



Wise and Otherwise.

The father of Responsibility is Opportunity, and Ability is its mother.

Tommy—"Pop, why do singers eat tar drops?" Tommy's Pop—"To give their voices the proper pitch, I suppose."

INDISPENSABLE.

Religion is a necessary, an indispensable element in any great human character; it is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to His throne.—Daniel Webster.

Chilegoan (in London).—"How much is this book?" Shop-lady.—"Three-an'-six, sir." Chilegoan.—"Well, that's nine, of course—nine what?"—Puck.

BE GOOD, IF NOT GREAT.

Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory.—F. W. Farrar, D.D.

Papa—"What an interrogation point you are, Harry!" I'm sure I didn't ask half so many questions when I was a boy." Harry.—"Well, perhaps if you had you would be able to answer more of mine."

SACRIFICE OF OPINION.

Many good men are willing to sacrifice their time and their money for good causes, who will not sacrifice their opinions. Many a noble cause is suffering because of a needless clash of opinions how to do it, held aggressively and tenaciously by men who are all at heart convinced that it ought to be done.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

A soldier who wanted to impress his audience with the climax of Peter's denial, in his excitement exclaimed: "Then Peter crowed, and the cock went out and wept bitterly."

A WISE SAW.

No man is so foolish, but may give another good counsel sometimes; and no man is so wise, but may easily err, if he will take no other's counsel but his own. But very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teachings. For he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master.

TWO WAYS.

Two Markham Indians, of different ethnic origin, were discussing their soap-making methods some time ago. "I boil mine in the moon," said the thrifty Mennonite. "Oh," replied the other, stone-blind to the augural suggestion, and a little bewildered withal, "I always boil mine in the kettle."

FAVORITE HYMNS.

An English religious magazine asked its readers to send in lists of their favorite hymns. The result of the voting was as follows, in the order of the number of votes received:

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me.
2. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom.
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin.
3. Jesus, Lover of my soul.
4. Abide with me! 'till faint falls the eventide.
5. Just as I am, without one plea.
6. I heard the voice of Jesus say.
7. There is a green hill far away.
8. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.
9. Thy way, not mine, O Lord.
10. The King of Love my Shepherd is.
When I survey the wondrous cross.

BRASS BAND CHRISTIANS.

Mr. Spurgeon, the famous London preacher, being asked whether a man could be a Christian and belong to a brass band, replied, "Yes, I think he might; but it would be a very difficult matter for his next door neighbor to be a Christian."

A SHARP BOY.

A merchant had advertised for a boy, and after he had dismissed several unsatisfactory applicants, another rather ordinary-looking chap called.

"What can you do?" asked the merchant. "Oh, I don't know," was the reply. "I don't think you will do. What is your motto in life, my boy?" "The same as yours," answered the boy. "The same as mine?" exclaimed the bewildered employer; "what do you mean?" "That one you have on your door: Push." The boy got the situation.

"CORRECT AND WHY."

Recently a public school teacher wrote the sentence, "Them boys are sliding down hill," and requested someone in the school to "correct and why." One bright youngster held up his hand, and on being asked, said: "Correction: Those boys are sliding down hill. Why: because they can't slide up."—Journal of Education.

TO WIN, DO YOUR BEST EVERY DAY.

It is difficult to determine what is success. A knowledge of the way to attain it is not so difficult. Summed up, it is just this: Do your best every day, whatever you have in hand.

The principal failures in business, so far as I can judge, are due to a lack of definite plan, shiftlessness, trying to find some new way to suddenly leap into a high position, instead of patiently plodding along the old roads of industry and integrity.—John Wanamaker.

SCORPION vs. SAUCEPAN.

A soldier as good as gold, but without education, had to get all his knowledge of the little by listening to the text the Captain read in the meeting. It stands to reason, then, that the eager listener should occasionally get a strange word incorrectly. He was once very much impressed with a certain verse of Scripture, which he thought so beautifully illustrated the providence of God. At the next open-air he resolved to impress his hearers with his discovery, and after pointing out to the crowd that they could always safely trust God, he meant to clinch his argument with a Scriptural quotation, and said, "Friends, the Scripture says: 'If we ask for a fish, will He not also give you a saucepan.'"

GOOD HABITS.

How essential to live a well-regulated life, and cultivate the best qualities. "There, that's the thing to do: go and do it." Punctuality: without which much time is lost, and others are disappointed. Accuracy: without this, great and serious mistakes are made, which prove most hurtful and injurious to society. Steadiness: without this, things are hurried over, and nothing is done properly. Promptitude: without this, opportunities of great importance are lost, which can never be recalled. Habits are the very life-blood of our existence. We may remove many things: we can cast off old clothes, leave an unhealthy house or neighborhood, and forsake a disagreeable companion, but we cannot so easily cast off old habits. They cling to us through life, and affect our state in another world.

TOO BUSY TO COME HOME.

Into a certain East End public-house, in London, a poorly-clad woman recently went, in search of her husband. She found him

there, and setting a covered dish, which she brought with her, upon the table, she said: "Thinking you were too busy to come home to dinner, I have brought yours," and departed.

With a forced laugh, he invited his friends to dine with him; but on removing the cover from the dish, found only a slip of paper, on which was written:

"I hope you will enjoy your meal; it is the same as your family has at home."

FLATTERY AND SCANDAL.

What is flattery but "calling evil good?" and what is scandal but "calling good evil?" and how many have been betrayed and pleased to their ruin by the one? How many, again, have been stung to the heart and made miserable by the other? Men do not forsake good as good, and commit evil as evil; but others represent things to them, or they represent them to themselves in false lights—good as evil, and evil as good. Their lusts and passions blind the eyes of their minds, and no one was ever drawn into sin but he was first deceived with the promise of some advantage—the prospect of some pleasure or other.—Bishop Newton, D.D.

THE FATAL DISEASE.

They had just finished singing the well-known lines:—

'Till not go singing to the skies
On flowery beds of ease
While others miss the heavenly prize,
And die of sin's disease."

when out stepped a zealous soldier, who quickly saw his chance of making an impression.

"Friends," he cried, "that's just it. It is this skin disease which is knocking a lot of converts out. They get this skin disease on their tongue and can't speak for God; they get it on their feet, and can't run in the way of righteousness; they get it on their hands, and can't bless anybody. . . . Here the uproarious hilarity of his audience made his further expostulations unintelligible."

A NOVEL PRAYER.

In an Ontario town a weary tramp attended our meeting, and when the invitation was given, rose and came to the penitential form. In dealing with him, the Captain found it extremely difficult to get him to pray.

"I can't pray," the tramp said. "O yes, you can," answered the Captain. "Just try it. Ask God just as if you would ask a friend, or write a letter to somebody of whom you were asking a favor."

After a few moments' reflection, the man closed his eyes, and, with some difficulty, said these words:

"Dear Lord, I have come to this bench because I was told that You would forgive sinners. I am a sinner, and want You to make me a better man. Yours truly, John Brown."

RELIGION.

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed.

If Thou the Spirit give, by which I pray;
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native soil can nothing feed:
Of good and mine, works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only when Thou sayest it may;

Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way
No man can find it. Father! Thou must lead.

Do Thou then breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtues may in me be bred
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread:
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing to Thee,
And sound Thy praises overlastingly.

—Michael Angelo.

Wonderful!

By Evangeline Booth Commissioner.

all ages, cries, "His name shall be called Wonderful."

Christ Wonderful in Face!

I HAVE seen many beautiful pictures of Christ—some from which I felt I could never draw my eyes. I have seen Dore's "Vale of tears," showing Him descending through the gloom of a heavy sky, with a face of ineffable compassion, calling all the sad, all the weary, all the burdened to come unto Him for rest.

I have seen Tissot's inimitable painting of that look embracing surprise, compassion, and grief given the erring Peter, causing those quick, penitent tears—a look saying, even our mistakes, "His free grace will cover."

I have seen Hoffman's unsurpassed skill in that exquisite intermingling of dignity and humility, authority and gentleness, portrayed in the expression turned towards the rich young ruler; and gazing upon the picture, I could almost catch, audibly, the surprised murmurings of the surrounding crowd when Christ said, "Follow Me."

I have seen Raphael's sublime production of the thorn-pressed brow. So realistic and immortal is the artist's conception that, as you look, the needle-spikes sink deeper, and the up-turned eyes speak, "I was wounded for thy transgressions, I was bruised for thine iniquities."

I have seen Delaroche's beautiful study of the little children lifting their baby faces to a countenance displaying such infinite tenderness that we understand well why the little ones hesitated not, nor did their merry lips quiver when asked to leave their mothers' arms to nestle upon the Stranger's breast.

But, oh, when all talent, either by sculptor's chisel, or painter's brush, has displayed its best, and exhausted its genius, all fail to show that Face.

How could they, when the pen of Divine inspiration has withheld any description. We cannot help but speak of the different points of beauty in those we passionately love. We want everybody to know of them, and see them. And so I turn over the pages of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and even His beloved disciple John, but there is no word or line upon which we can form any idea of the countenance of Jesus, and I can only think that it is because the face was wonderful!

We know that the ablest artist is *character*, for the countenance is the mirror to the soul. Virtue and grace lay their gentle lines in curve of lip, and throw their shades in serenity of brow, and give to the eye a measureless depth. And when we remember that in the Christ-man were all the attributes of a world's Saviour, that in His face would be depicted the blamelessness of a soul without stain—the limitless breadth of a heart capacitated to carry a world's distresses—the unselfishness of a spirit which subjected the body to spite and murder—the Omnipotence of the Godhead, ruling the waves, and raising the dead, giving miraculous power to features which would also depict the infinite tenderness—revealed in weeping with the orphan girl at her brother's grave.

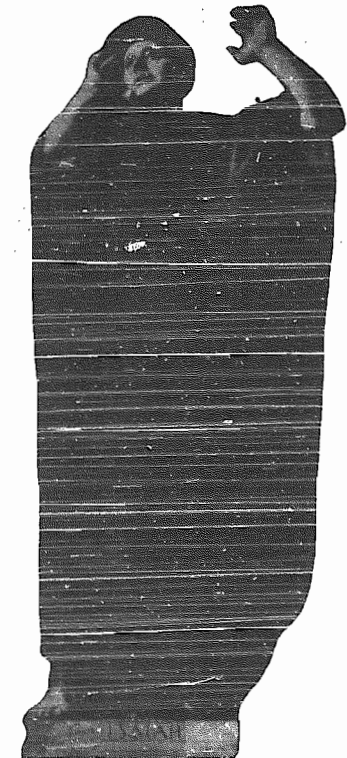
We know no photograph, no picture, no engraving can tell the beauty—such Divine exquiteness defies all mortal conception. We

must wait till we behold, in the radiance of eternal glory, the surpassing beauty of that Face.

A little girl, of some eight years, tossed upon a fevered pillow. She was the darling of the home, but now her feet were in the chill of the river. There were only a few more minutes. Throwing out the emaciated arms toward the bowed form of her weeping father, she cried, "Oh, papa, turn around so I can see your face," and with eyes fixed upon the tear-bathed countenance, and hands linking tighter and tighter round the neck, she slipped over the tide.



Oh, when He turns His face upon us, not smitten, but crowned; not bathed in Gethsemane's tears, but royal radiance; not from a manger, but from a throne topping all thrones—the city ablaze with its glory, the redeemed singing its praise, the children bathing in its light, we shall have to fall in with Isaiah's song, while the "harpers harp upon their harps," and the bells ring over the eternal hills. "Wonderful! Wonderful!"



"His name shall be called wonderful."—Isa. ix 6.

It was the midnight of the age. For 3,000 years, the world had been sinking into a deeper and darker abyss. The whole land was shadowed by the thickening gloom of superstition and unbelief. A reign of terror declared the cruel despotism of might over right. The greatest honor was given to those who could best distinguish themselves in deeds of bloodshed and horror, making every plain a field of carnage, and vibrating every hill with the tumult of war.

Isaiah, the Prophet, lived during the greatest crisis of the country's history, and by the attraction of his personality, the wisdom of his statesmanship, the faithfulness of his ministry, the sublimity and beauty of his style, proved himself to be the greatest of the Hebrew prophets.

The people for whom he consecrated all his service, in whom were centred all his hopes, and in whose defence he battled through fifty years of strife and peril were those of Jerusalem, the city of his immediate and ultimate regard.

He has pictured her aspect in triumph, in siege, and in earthquake, and the war which filled her valleys; he has depicted her draughts of famine, tides of fruitfulness, modes of worship, seasons of panic, and strongholds of iniquity.

As the captain of a vessel looks across the boisterous tossing of a wild tempest, to trace in the far sky some star of promise of a fairer morrow, so Isaiah the Prophet, peering through the dense darkness and antagonistic elements of intervening centuries, traces in the far sky of Bethlehiem's hills, whose galaxies of light declaring peace on the morrow, while seraphs' song of glory to the highest and goodwill to the lowest link shepherds to angels, men to God, a manger to a throne, while all heaven crowds into a stable to crown a Babe on straw. Tear-blinded by the vision, with up-thrown hands, the bold prophet, in a voice echoing through

Christ Wonderful in His Sorrows!

NOT only because they were like unto no man's. We have known some people who have had more than their share of bereavement and disaster. The business has failed, the bank account has been overdrawn, the undertaker has seemed to crowd his visits intended for the whole street into their one cottage, and has been five or six times to carry away the precious form—and the last time, mother! But death followed Jesus from the manger to the cross; before out of His babyhood they were after Him to kill Him.

Every storm beat against Him, every wind blew upon Him, the day sun smote Him, the night chilled Him. He was tired, He was hungry, He was thirsty, He was poor. To what can we compare His sorrow? There is no comparison. The worst, the cruelest, the lowest of the populace got together, and each man heaped on Him his full share of torture. They made a whole wreath of thorns, and pressed it into His brow, that had only thought for others, the sharp needle-points pressing until the blood spurts out. They got a big beam of wood, and another beam, putting one across the other, and then took the hands which had only blessed and wiped tears, and drove nails through them. They said, "He shall not get away," and hammered the sensitive feet with great spikes to the beam. No one to come and help Him! No one to rescue Him! No army to protect! No friend to pity! Then, with anathemas, insult, and spite, they pelted Him until His heart broke.

Oh, immeasurable sorrow, immeasurable torture, immeasurable sacrifice! When I think of the story this Christmas time, or even sing of its theme, whether it be the pallet of straw beginning, or the rugged cross ending, rivers of emotion stir in my heart, and I want to call upon all the hosts of earth, and all the hosts of heaven, to help me cry, "Wonderful! Wonderful!"

How can we ever hesitate to bring Him our griefs, when He was acquainted with all grief, every phase of trial throwing its gloom around Him? Was not the mission of all His sufferings that He might fully understand all ours—the smallest and the greatest? We often feel we would like to speak of our cares to some friend. Perhaps a relation, perhaps a sister, but we are afraid. We cannot relate the affair in all its lights and shades; the circumstances are singular, and they might not understand, and so we do not do it. We lock up the matter in a deeper place, and carry it along with us.

But you need not be afraid of Jesus. He will understand. Come and tell Him where the burden presses, and how the tears will come. Don't drive them back to scald the heart; He will wipe them. Tell Him what a mistake you have made, and how much you regret it. If you feel you do not love Him and trust Him as once you did, and as you ought to, and that you have wronged Him in ten thousand ways, tell Him—you need not fear.

You will find where others would condemn you, He will forgive you. Where others would misjudge you, He will understand. Where others would turn away from you for ever in anger, He will gather you in everlasting mercy, for He is wonderful.

Christ Wonderful in Love!

IS there another word which can thrill the heart of the universe as can "Love"—life's first awakening sentiment, and last lingering emotion? For strength of purpose, for depth of meaning, it rivals every other word in the English vocabulary.

Theme of poet—Topic of orator—Attraction of artist—Song of angels—Star of Bethlehem—Hope of the sinner—Character of God—First on earth and all in heaven!

Can anyone measure it, fathom its depths, scale its heights, estimate its circumference—the love of God?

Can I compare it to the oceans? No! God can gather these in the hollow of His hand.

Can I compare it to the arc of heaven? No! As a scroll the heavens will roll away, and God's love will never pass away.

Can I measure it with the space which envelops worlds? No! Because worlds will burn, and Divine love can never burn. Its power is omnipotent—its breadth infinite—its life eternal.

"O Love, Thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in Thee."

It is love immortal! You cannot kill it. Domitian thought he could put an end to the love of Jesus, and he slew 40,000 Christians. Diocletian slew 844,000. The armies of persecution have trampled their bloody feet through all ages; scaffolds have been erected, manacles have bound, fires have burned, thumb-screws have tortured, and Bibles have been heaped in the public market-places for the mob to tread upon, but all the executioners earth and hell could muster could not stamp out the love of Christ.

So when this love takes possession of your soul, devils will rage against you, the world will oppose you, your companions will prophecy a brief return to the old life, temptations subtle and fierce will beset your track, but the armies of the Kingdom of God's love will see you through. He will marshal the angels to "keep charge over thee," for I see they "encamp round about them that fear Him, and deliver them." Thousands of tons of shells and cartridges, at an expense of millions and millions of dollars, were sent, and are being sent, to South Africa during the late war, to provide sufficient ammunition; but it cost all heaven had to send to Calvary ammunition in "grace sufficient" for the myriads of souls depending upon Golgotha's battle coming through. You cannot exhaust the supplies. As the enemy heaps on the shot, grace builds up the fortresses, defying every fiery dart, and when others expect the decline, and say spiritual death has set in, and look to see you fall in the long march, you go on, because, "the Lord preserveth all them that love Him."

Why should we fear? How can we fear to lay our strife-worn hand in the tone palm of the Heavenly Bridegroom? His love is so tender, so strong; it will not change—it cannot fail. All the ages declare it is immortal. See the early defenders of the faith. Here comes grand old Joshua, who had such a hard time with the Children of Israel. Here is Paul, who was hooted and hounded from beginning to end. Martin Luther, the world's reformer; John Knox, the light of Scotch midnight; William Wycliffe, the fire-brand of the pulpit; John Wesley, whose children are in every land; William Penn, the intercessor of the captive; John Huss, the martyr-hero of Bohemia—they were buffeted, reviled, and stoned. The world always has wanted to get rid of good men. It did its best to get rid of these, or force them to drop their theme, or change their course, but they strike the brow of the hill! Life's sped, the sun is down, the journey's over. It has been a long, hard fight—one fierce siege from beginning to end; shells of persecution have burst upon them; batteries of spite and envy have stormed them; the enemy, by trick and slander, has tried to run away with their guns of good character (and when a man has the big gun of unsullied character ever firing away for him, he has a very great deal), but the old veterans reach the summit, dusty, worn, and scarred. Let us crowd around and learn from the shout of their eternal home-coming, what made the victory theirs. Paul, having the best voice, leads off: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Christ's Love Was Wonderful in Its Impartiality.

THOSE who may have loved sinners most felt at times a repulsiveness when we have come in close contact with what was unlovable and unclean, but Christ goes down into the darkness, and, standing in the gates of misfortune, degradation, and pollution, calls all men unto Him. The criminal in his crime, the unfortunate in his misery, all have a place in His love.

What astonishment in the faces of the depraved, the beggars, and the diseased, when they looked into His face and saw He loved them! Think of the feelings of that mother's heart when she brought her boy, all twisted and distracted, to Jesus. From a sight so repulsive, sensitive women and strong men turned away, not desiring to look upon such distortion of limb and contraction of feature; or listen to the ravings of lunacy—one devil can so darken a countenance, and bend a form, and unning a mind that all comeliness is lost—what a horrible spectacle seven devils must have made of this little lad! Nobody wanted to be near him, or touch him, or speak to him, he was so ugly, so wretched, he was so bad. No one ever smiled upon him, no one ever thought for him but his mother. Oh, how amazed she was when she found Christ loved him—how wonderful she thought it! Her poor, despised, unwanted little boy. We can all love that which is pretty, but where the impartiality of the love of Jesus is so wonderful, is in the fact that it is just as tenderly given to that which is ugly and unlovable. The red tides of His blood gushed just as freely for His enemies as for His friends—for those who cursed Him as for those who blessed Him; those who rejected Him and scourged His back with wires, and split His feet with nails, as for those who made a carpet of their best coats for Him to walk upon. Wonderful love, impartial!—washing for the leper his offensive disease, giving the rich man back his child, filling fishermen's empty nets in the rugged boat, and the house-keeper's empty decanters at the grand wedding, kissing immortal beauty upon the face of the children, wiping away the tears from the cheek of the widow, working a miracle to feed a multitude, and opening gates of light in the blind eyes of one.

You have heard of the cripple girl, who ran away from home. Her sister, two years older, was very beautiful and vain, and made the cripple feel she was in the way of her happiness and the brightness of the home, and so one November night the little lass, watched her chance, and slipped away on her crutches, unnoticed. She was soon without the limits of the city, and on the long country road. Oh, with what agony and tears that mother sought for her lost child, following for her guide the impress the crutches made in the muddy street. The wind blew and the rain fell, and the husband pleaded that the search should be left to him. But no persuasion could turn that mother's feet homeward until she had found her little girl crouched in the dark corner of a far-off stable. The mother, baring her own back to the chill and wet of the night, threw her own cloak about the shoulders of the little girl, and led her home.

Maybe somebody who reads this has been wandering a long time from home. You have never had much talent, and never had much beauty; friends have been few, and money less, and maybe all through life loved least of all. You do not go to church, you feel in the way there. You have felt the winds which beat against the soul, and the rains that fall from the eyes, for the sins, and the wrongs, and the doubts have been many; but Christ came down to a far stable to find you. With what agony and tears He has sought you, following the track of your feet every step of the way! You are just as precious to Him as anybody else. He is looking for you, He wants you, He calls you. There, I see you turn tremblingly towards Him; He takes your hand in His to lead you home, and throws His garment, white of the fleece of the Lamb, around your storm-beaten soul, and although "your sins be as scarlet they shall be as wool."

There is an old colored lady in Bermuda, 102 years of age; the Lord has renewed her youth so that she can still read without spectacles, and do her work about the house. She said, "I remember when they tore my husband from my side, and tied his hands and feet, then bound him to that tree over there and whipped him until, from exhaustion and loss of blood, he died. Then they put my little girl upon the block and sold her for so much, as you would a horse or cattle; she was such a pretty little thing, and I thought my reason would

leave me, through the ringing of her cries in my ears. It was a dreadful morning, the morning she was sold, the excitement of the sale and the bating of the auctioneer's hammer could not drown the screams of children for their parents, and wives for their husbands. But there came a day when the stripes of the Union Jack went up over these islands, saying, "All the slaves may go free." I look up to a hill-top, north of Jerusalem, and see waving a banner of blood-red stripes, with an insignia of thorns, carrying the ensign, "All the world may go free," and my eyes are fixed and I say, "Wonderful!"

Christ Wonderful in Condescension!

THE whole plan of redemption was worked out on the coming-down principle, from the beginning to the end. Christ did not come to this poor world of ours through palatial arch, but through barn door. He did not come through the splendor of a noonday sun—winged angelic held back the curtain of a black night to let Him pass. He began in a horse's trough in a stable, and ended in a pool of blood, and none so poor, but He was poorer—starved in the wilderness, the stone for His pillow, the woman washing His feet an outcast of society. Oh, what a coming-down, from the King of kings, Prince of Light, heaven for a home, angels for attendants, fruit of the tree of life, and living fountains beneath arches of light for the banquet hall, to talk with fishermen, associate with publicans and sinners, to wait on table at the great free feast, or to eat His bread on the rigging at the back of Peter's boat—all the way along to the end, coming down.

When a great man dies, all that white flower and black drape can do to decorate grief and mourning is displayed. Victor Hugo's remains were retained for eleven days before burial, all France having opportunity to express her appreciation of the life, and grief at the loss, of her country's greatest patriot. Who could count the carriages that followed with the mourners, or the wreaths which lifted snowy mountains around his casket, some of the most beautiful of which were purchased by the cents of the poor, to whom he had bequeathed \$10,000 to help them in their struggles. But Jesus, the greatest Friend of all mankind, the greatest Benefactor, in Whose will we find wealth for all poverty, joy for all sorrow, cleansing for all sin, was buried by charity on the outskirts of the city, which had flung Him out, and flung Him down to the grave of a pauper—an emaciated heap of blood and bruise. I say all the way along to the end coming down.

Oh, the depth into which He plunged—all that He might lift us up! How deep is your sorrow? Is it as deep as the grave? Did the pall of the black messenger fall on the nursery? With the first touch, all the music of the house stopped—all the misallied words, all the pronouncing of the V's as W's, all the catching-hold of your dress, all the queer questionings—the undertaker carried them in a little black box, with white handles, out through the door, and ever since, in the cemetery, under a mound the size of the little box, with a few daisies on it, your heart has laid. No, not Jesus, in the condescension of His love, remembered how babies' fingers wind round the deepest tendrils of the greatest hearts, and went down into the darkness of the grave to lift that baby up; and when you saw the red fever deepen on the little cheek, it was only the blush of the rising sun of resurrection, the carnation kiss of a love that went so wonderfully down in death as to lift to the wonderful heights of life immortal.

How deep is your sin? Is it five years, ten years, forty, fifty, or sixty years' deep? Is it as deep as a wasted life? Is it as deep as a seared past? Is it as deep as a warped conscience? Is it as deep as a blood-stained hand?

There was a young man who had committed murder. One day, to his lawyer, engaged to plead him innocent, he said, "You need not plead my case. I have seen Christ, with blood-smear'd face, battered head, and a risen side, with utterances more wonderful than I ever heard, making intercession for me, and I have told Him all the wrong I have ever done, and am ready to tell the world—I want to tell the world, because I want them to know how the wonderful love of Jesus has reached and pardoned a deeper sinner than the dying thief." And when the young man stood upon the scaffold to satisfy justice, he left a living testimony that Mercy had availed, in the words, "Jesus died for me."

Maybe you have seen, when a pent-up tide gets loose, how the waters will rush forth, making rivers in every direction, downward. When on Calvary, Christ's heart broke, the rivers of His blood gushed down the back of that hill, the sides of that hill, the front of that hill, from such heights of anguish that it reached the deepest depths of earth's sin and woe. It rushed through the snake-infested jungles of South Africa, and bruised Satan's head; it

will sweep through the gates of the New Jerusalem, singing, not because we loved Him, but because "He loved us and gave Himself for us."

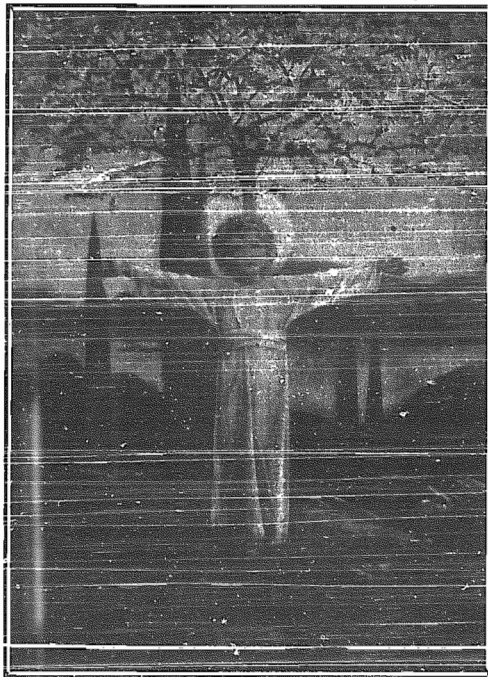
Christ Wonderful in Victory.

LET us look now how the battle began. It was Friday, between twelve and three. The opponents were to meet on the slopes of Golgotha. The armies arrayed were earth and hell on the one side, and one solitary Representative of the Kingdom of Righteousness on the other. It was to be a far mightier conflict than Waterloo, Austerlitz, Balaclava, Sebastopol, Tel-el-Kebir. All the battles of the earth had not a millionth part of the issues at stake involved in this one battle. What a day it was! What an indescribable scene! What a hand-to-hand struggle! The battlements of heaven thronged with the angels looking over, the dark spirit of hell crowding up to see the Victim fall.

The plan of action was a masterpiece of hellish ingenuity. Spies were sent out to trap Him. The enemy was to fall upon Him unawares, and make a hole right through His line of defence, consisting of two or three fishermen. The armed regiments of Roman soldiery, with flashing spear and shining shield, were to start the attack. Blow on blow, cut on cut, rattle on rattle of shouting stone. The very heavens darkened with the horror of the scene. See His temple splits—now the face—now the side—the oozing blood soon tells on Jesus, and His head drops—the pulse flags—now it cannot be felt—this plunge of a two-edged sword into His side will be the end. Now all is over! Place a regiment of picked soldiery to guard the fastened tomb, because there is a good deal of uneasiness about. It looks as though the allied armies of earth and hell were going to have all their way, but the battle is not over yet. Just as the enemy were about to declare their triumph the earth cracks, as though vibrating beneath the tramp of unknown armies, and the sky is rent as though it opened to let the long lines through, and there is a burst which topples over the tomb-stones of the cemeteries of all ages, driving back the Satanic powers into the bottomless pit, with the sting of death, while Jesus, walking forth Conqueror over all, leaves, lighting up the gloom of every grave, the Sun of Resurrection.

Oh, what a victory! You know when the heroes and conquerors return from the fields of war, the whole city turns out to welcome them. Can we follow Christ through the ascension blaze, and catch a glimpse of the glory that awaited Him? The whole city turns out and awaits Him. Every angel on the wing, every throne is occupied, every harpist plays, "the sea of glass mingled with fire" is crowded with spectators to see Him pass in, the white-robed children clap their hands with a jubilation which makes the arches ring, and as the gates of pearl swing back I hear "the voices of many angels round about the Throne . . . and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.'"

It is customary to change the name of any popular General, which the people think suits his character and ability best. The hero of Waterloo was called the "Iron Duke." Queen Victoria the Good, Prince Bismarck the Iron Chancellor, Frederick II. the Great, Don Fernando the Constant Prince. So it is with Jesus. Some say His name shall be Omnipotence, some Creator, some Immensity, some Wisdom and Truth, some Light, some Lord, some Justice, some Mercy, some God, some Father—but I say, "His name shall be called WONDERFUL."



THE BREADTH OF MY LOVE.

threw up on the black sky of India's heathendom a sunrise blood-red; it traced in the snows of Greenland and Lapland a scarlet track to the skies; it visited the pestilential morasses of the Sierras, its one drop, eradicating all the poison of the soul. It ran among aboriginal villages in New Zealand, teaching the Maori children to love and hush His name; it swept across the prairies of North-West America, bathing dusky faces in streams of living light, "washing not their feet alone, but their head, their hands, their heart."

They built a dam, in the shape of a tomb, to hold these waters, and put soldiers to guard it, but no case could restrain them, no bars of guilt could turn them, no arctic bleakness of mountain top could freeze them; in fact, it is such a marvelous outflow from such measureless depths, that the time will come when the red waves, covering all differences, all colors, all tongues, will bear before the Throne of God the redeemed of every nation, and with voice mightier than the uplifted oceans, on the brightest morning the world ever saw, they



BY RAJPUTRA (LEWIS).

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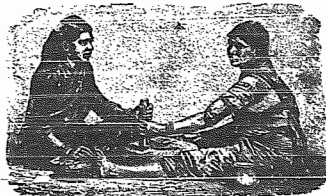
O-DAY I shall celebrate my first anniversary in India by writing to you, dear Canadian Cry. This letter, I hope, will be followed by others. I shall always gladly contribute to your pages, for it is a debt I owe. Is not Canada the land of my spiritual birth? Converted in the city of Kingston, fourteen years ago, memory carries me back to those days, and the ten glorious years of officership spent in the Dominion of Canada, before being transferred to the United States of America. The discipline I received, and the untold blessings I obtained can never be erased from my memory. God bless all my Canadian comrades! It is not unfrequently I bring you up in my mind, and before the Throne. In passing along I must not forget to say what a great blessing your War Cry is to me in this far-off land of India. I must congratulate the Editorial Staff on the magnificent get-up of the War Cry. In my judgment it is the best War Cry published.

MY CALL TO INDIA.

My call to this dark, heathen land was a direct call from God. About fourteen years ago I realized God called me for this work, before the command came for me to go forward. I sent, then, my application to Headquarters, and was accepted. I was then a youth of eighteen, and I have since often wondered what Lieut.-Colonel Margetts (then Major) thought of me, as I was frequently on the carpet. After six months in the Training Home, I was commissioned as Lieutenant. All this time I felt the call for India. I took this

I could read the Marathi language, for which I give Jesus praise and glory. At present I can talk considerably and pray in Marathi.

In India we have a diversity of languages, something over a hundred, and one coming to India is like commencing life over again, for the manners and customs of the people are so different to Western ideas, especially concerning clothing, eating, living, etc., etc., are very much foreign to ours. In this country we are not troubled with expensive furniture or living. Let me describe Indian homes. The houses are built of mud. Very economical! Yes, that is the way people live. There are no chimneys to the houses, the exit for smoke is through the door. The other day, while visiting one of our corps, I had to pass through the trying ordeal of being smoked, which has altered my complexion considerably. Beds are very seldom



HINDOO WOMEN GRINDING CORN.

used, as we sleep on the ground, and carry our beds while traveling.

The manners of the East are such as to impress one with the customs of the Bible. Here we see the women grinding at the mill, and carrying water on their heads. Generally speaking, the Indian women are the burden-bearers; they labor in the fields, and assist in all manual labor. This may seem rather strange to a Western eye, but in the East it is a usual custom. Of course, they have no such elaborate houses to keep clean, and other duties to perform which our Western ladies or women are called upon to do. It is the practice at meal-time for the women to wait upon the men, after which they eat by themselves. Most of the vessels which they use for cooking purposes are made of brass, which it is the duty of every housewife to clean to perfection, and the majority take a great pride in this. The people of India are most scrupulous about their cooking vessels, and their teeth, for they have beautiful white teeth. Every morning, the first thing upon rising, they get a small lot of water and some charcoal for cleaning the teeth. All the furniture which is in an Indian house is chiefly composed of cooking vessels and water pitchers. Chairs, tables, etc., are conspicuous by their absence; you sit and eat on the floor, which, at first, is a little trying to a new beginner.

The Lord is helping me in a wonderful manner to adapt myself to the people, who are surrounded with

so much darkness, to help lead them out into the light. One comes in very close contact with the people of India when one conforms to their customs. It is the best way to get to know the people in a very short time, which, otherwise, would take a life-time. The people of India are somewhat chary of people who dress after European fashion. In this way the native dress the S. A. has adopted is a great advantage.

The manner and mode of traveling in this country is very much different to what it is in Canada. We are starting on a trip through one of our Divisions. Rising at



A SALVATIONISTS' PARTY GOING TO A VILLAGE CAMPAIGN.

daybreak, to escape the extreme heat, we travel by ox and cart, with a light awning overhead to keep off the rays of the sun. At first the ride is not very pleasant, but one becomes the master of the situation after a few trips. Milk carried in an ox-cart, after a few miles' journey, is turned into butter.

The best time to hold a meeting is in the early morning, before the people go to their work, for in India, the poor people, whom we work amongst, have no more food than will last them for one day. They depend upon what few sticks they can gather and take to the bazaar, which they sell for a few pice, or work in the fields for a little bread which the high caste owners may give them.

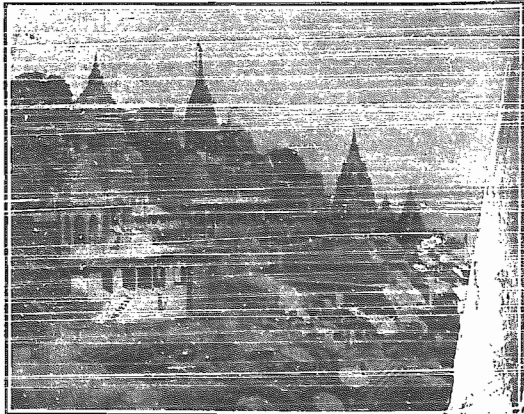
Caste prejudice in India is one of the greatest hindrances to all Christian work and advancement; however, we thank God that this barrier is being gradually removed as the Gospel takes root in the hearts of the people. I am afraid many of my readers will not grasp the meaning of the caste difficulty. Let me give you some idea, if I can, of the environment in which a low caste person is born. He cannot rise above his low estate, he is for ever consigned to it. In Canada, or America, even the very poorest and humblest can reach the pinnacle of success and honor; not so in India. A high caste man will not touch a low caste man, or drink water out of the same well; in fact, in some native States they will not allow their shadows to come upon them, so great is the caste feeling. This is one of the reasons which caused the Army to have day schools amongst the low caste, for the Government does not recognize caste, and there are many children who will not go to the Government school on account of the treatment which they receive there from the high caste children.

In the Marathi Territory alone, where the providence of God has seen fit to place me as Junior Secretary and School Inspector, we have nearly fifty day schools, in which children are taught to read and write, as well as learn about Jesus, the Saviour of man, and I hope some day will go forth to help save their country. I imagine I can hear some critic enquire, "Do Indian children learn well?" They are very active and quick to learn. God bless the Indian children!

The work in the Marathi country is very

HINDOO CHILDREN.

matter to my Heavenly Father in prayer, asking Him to open the way for me to go, for I should reveal the call to no human soul again. Many a day I prayed about the subject. After serving my Master for ten years in Canada, I was transferred, at my request, to the U. S. field. I had been two years in that country when the call came, by way of a letter from Commander Booth-Tucker, asking me if I was willing to go to India. It took not long for me to decide, although very much in love with my work and the American people. Ah, you may wonder why the Lord should keep me waiting so long, but all this time He was preparing me for the future task. God knows what is best for His servants. I had many lessons to learn in that time, which shall be a help to me in this dark corner of the earth, for the missionary who comes to India must be prepared to undergo many exceptional difficulties and temptations. Loneliness is one of the great crosses of India. Many a time I longed for the comradeship which I enjoyed in the past. Then one is surrounded by a people of foreign language, which is no little barrier to a new comer, for it is a trying predicament to be in when your whole soul is on fire for God's Kingdom. I was, however, in India not three months before



THE BURNING GHAT, BENARES, INDIA.

The Choice of a Noble Heart.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."



THE excitement and enthusiasm of the battlefield have often carried men to deeds of noble daring, but perhaps the greater nobility exists where their stimulus is lacking, and where—as in this case—the choice between lawful self-preservation and supreme self-sacrifice has been ordered, and the latter deliberately chosen.

With 630 human souls on board, the troopship *Birkenhead*, while sailing along the West African coast, crashed into a sunken rock, and went to the bottom in an incredibly short time. There was absolutely no warning or appearance of any danger; the night was fine and calm, the sea was smooth, the coastline was visible—stretching away for miles to north and south—yet, in the early morning, the ship met her destruction in this dreadful fashion.

It is an old story—the gallant conduct of those British troops, the entire absence of any panic, the crowding of the women and children into all too few boats, the steady tramp of those noble fellows, as they paraded in line

load must not be endangered for one life—no matter how precious that might be. Then, all at once his face set in a firm, noble resolve, and he rose up from his place in the stern-sheets.

Who can tell the thoughts that flashed through the mind of that young hero of only seventeen summers at that moment? Did he remember the loved mother whom he had left behind in old England, when he so cheerfully bade her farewell for his first trip to a foreign land, or did he think of the future that was bright with the prospect of service for his Queen and country? At any rate, the choice was made, and next moment he leapt into the dark waters beneath.

Seizing hold of the almost exhausted soldier, he assisted him into his own place in the boat, and, having placed him in safety, let go his hold and

SANK BACK INTO THE WAVES.

There was a sudden rush; the ugly fin of a shark was seen as the creature shot past the boat, and the horrified passengers turned their heads away. When they looked again only a streak of blood in the water marked the spot where the noble lad had met a swift and awful death. With mingled sorrow and admiration the survivors steered slowly away from that tragic scene, and eventually reached the land in safety.

Can we wonder that the husband for whom the officer died, and the wife thus saved from a cruel and life-long sorrow, should reverence the name and memory of their deliverer? When the story reached the old English school where his boyhood days were spent, a simple brass plate was engraved and fixed upon the class-room wall. Setting forth briefly the record of

YOUTHFUL SELF-SACRIFICE,

it stands as a strong inspiration to every lad in that school to emulate a similar spirit.

There is in this act of devotion something akin to the spirit which brought the Lord of life and glory from heaven's enjoyments to earth's sorrows, that He might save us out of

the latter into the former.

"He saved others; Himself He cannot save!" was the sneering jibe of the chief priests, but, unconsciously, they spoke the solemn truth. Both He could not save, therefore the Son of God plunged into the sea of man's sins and miseries, amongst the powers of darkness and "monsters" in human form, and died beneath the weight of a world's sins.

The soldier of Jesus Christ is called upon to make a similar choice, and shall there be any hesitation in our response, with such a glorious Example before us?

Christ's religion is like His robe—without a seam. You cannot have one essential part without the others. He who rejects one part rejects the whole. This is the key to the cause of defeat and powerlessness in thousands of "Christian" lives. Though they may not realize it, they seek to divide Christ's religion, and to pick and choose between the pieces. Without, perhaps, understanding it, they seek to put asunder what God has eternally joined together—forgiveness and repentance, happiness and holiness, peace and obedience, power and war, crown and cross. These are bound up together, so that he who would have the first must be willing for the second.—COMMISSIONER BOOTH-CLIBBORN.



"SANK BACK INTO THE WAVES."

in answer to the rolling drums that summoned them to face

DEATH IN A GHASTLY FORM.

They knew that those treacherous waters were infested with sharks, and that these cruel monsters of the deep were even now gathering to rear them limb from limb ere they sank beneath the waves, yet an officer who survived declared that "not a murmur or a cry was heard amongst them"—they went down to death unflinchingly and undaunted by the horrors of the scene.

After the ship had made her final plunge, and the waters around were in a swirl of foam and blood, in which pieces of wreckage, human beings, and horrid sharks were tossed in dreadful confusion, there arose close to one of the boats the head of a British soldier. The boat was crowded to its utmost capacity, its occupants—with the exception of a small crew and the young lieutenant in command—being entirely women and children. Pity the unfortunate soldier as they might, there was absolutely no room for one more.

As they peered into the face of the struggling man, suddenly a woman's shriek rang out from the depths of her anguish—

"O GOD, MY HUSBAND! SAVE HIM!"

The officer looked compassionately on the drowning man, and then on his frantic wife, but shook his head; the lives of the whole boat-

hard, owing to the poverty of the people, to which they have sunk through the successive famines of the last four or five years. Many of the people had to go away to the relief works; even at the time of my writing many are still in great need of help. Should any kind reader of this account feel led to help our children's work in India, I shall be grateful; I am most anxious to get our schools working thoroughly. To do this I need the wherewithal.

The religion of India is very corrupt and degraded. Not unfrequently a traveler on some highway comes across some ugly-looking stone, painted red; it is a Hindoo god, for they have many gods in India; it would take one's time in keeping track of them all. Many of their temples are nothing but a mass of ruins now. At one time part of their religion was to offer human sacrifices; for instance, when a great building was to be erected a victim was chosen to commemorate the event. As far back as history can record, mothers offered their first-born to the Ganges, to be shortly afterwards devoured by some crocodile. Another horrible practice was widow-burning. That sons should burn their mothers alive is a thought too ghastly to enter our mind; yet this was done in the belief that the widow would enjoy eternal happiness in the unseen world if burned with the dead body of her husband.

It will hardly be necessary for me to say India's climate is most beautiful. At this time the rainy season is well nigh over. In some parts the rain has been very sparse, but in many other parts we had sufficient, which has been the cause of much rejoicing and thank offerings to the Giver of all good gifts. The nights are most beautiful and cool, and the moon shines very brightly; in fact, I have no difficulty in reading my song book and Bible by its light. I have had some blessed meetings under the starry and moon-lit sky since coming to India.

The Lord has been very mindful of me since I came to India; I have enjoyed the best of health, while many are dying from plague, etc. None of these plagues have come nigh my dwelling. Never have I felt more need of God than I have since I came to India. The prayer of my heart is that He should make me a true apostle to the poor, dark souls of this great nation. I know He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him, and should we be deprived of the privilege of meeting each other on earth again, may we meet up yonder, to tell the story. "Saved by grace."

And if, through patient toil, we reach the land Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,

When we shall know, and clearly understand,

I think that we shall say, "God knew the best."

How Do We Show Our Love?

What a cleansing of houses and persons takes place at Christmas time! What new dresses are bought! What care is taken, especially by all who have to go to parties, or on visits to members of their family, to put away everything in their outward appearance, as well as inner reality, thoroughly agreeable to the senses of those we love! But what carelessness at the same time with regard to Him Who loves us most of all! What contentment, in many cases, with the knowledge that there is something wrong! What spending of money and precious time knowingly in a way that brings no pleasure to Him, at the very season when we are supposed to be most celebrating His boundless love to us!—COMMISSIONER RAILTON.



A CHRISTMAS VISION.

BY THE GENERAL.

CHAPTER I.

IT was late, and I was weary. To tell the truth, my heart fairly ached again. It had been a day of more than usual trial. Many things had happened, some of them perplexing, and others painful.

One officer, highly-valued and much-loved, had gone to heaven. Another, who had sworn eternal fidelity to the flag, and whose doings had promised a useful career, had deserted me for easier and pleasanter fields of labor. Finance had been unusually troublesome. The salvation meeting had been exceptionally difficult, the sinners more than ordinarily hard, the backsliders stupid, and the soldiers listless. While, at the moment, what seemed the most trying of all, was the difficulty of finding a supply of officers equal to the growing demands of the war.

"Men, men, men is our crying need!" had been almost the last words of the Chief, echoed by the Foreign Secretary, at a council held to consider the world's affairs, a few hours before. "Men are wanted, where can we find them?" This cry was still ringing in my ears.

Beaten out by one thing and another, I threw myself on my knees, and struggled hard to roll the burden on my Lord, telling Him that He must help me, as all my hope was in Him. Then, lying down, exhausted, I was soon overtaken with a deep slumber, that made me oblivious to all round.

But neither the weariness of my body, nor the heaviness of my heart appear to have interfered with the activity of my mind, for I scarcely could have closed my eyes before a remarkable vision passed before me. A vision so vivid, so powerful, and so intimately associated with the things that most deeply interest Salvationists, that I feel I must relate it for the benefit of any to whom it may apply, and that, unless I am mistaken, will be a remarkable number of the readers of the War Cry.

- CHAPTER II.

WITH that remarkable sense of reality sometimes experienced in dreams, I found myself in what appeared to be a magnificent mansion of considerable proportions. Its numerous rooms were brilliantly lighted, and crowded with elegant furniture. Carpets soft to the tread and charming to the eye covered the floors, stairways, and passages. Costly pictures adorned the walls, bookshelves full to overflowing filled the recesses, while organs, pianos, statuary, and banks of beautiful flowers were everywhere. It was indeed a veritable palace of delight.

In one of the largest, most highly decorated, and most luxuriously furnished apartments was a young man. When I entered he stood with his arm resting on the mantelpiece, gazing into the fire now burning low in the grate. The room, unlike other parts of the house, was only dimly lit. The flickering light of the fire falling on him showed him to be tall, and slim, and dark, with an intelligent countenance, and, taken altogether, of prepossessing appearance. At the moment, he was apparently in deep thought. What was he thinking about? His mind was evidently contemplating some serious problem. What was it? I confess to being no little interested in the scene, and even now it stands out vividly in my memory.

But see, he walks to and fro, and there is

estate. They tell me that I have genius. I know that I can marry, I can have family, home, and reputation, and a thousand other things. How favorably the providence of God has fixed my portion, and given all these things to enjoy.

"What then shall I do with the future? Let me see." Then, suddenly he paused in his talk, rang the bell, and asked the servant a question about some engagement. Resuming his walk, he fell back into the track of his meditations. "What shall I do with my life?"

"I will maintain my position, cherish my parents, and be kind to my friends. I will be generous to good works. Ah!" Then a sudden thought seemed to seize him as his eye fell on an appeal on behalf of the poor, that lay on the table. "I have a Christian hope in addition to all my temporal blessings. What a fortunate fellow I am."

Here I thought I heard a slight movement outside the door—someone was evidently entering; I fancied it was the servant coming in again, and turned my eyes in that direction. It was very late, and, in my dreams, I wondered who else it could be at that hour of the night. But it was not the servant. Who was it?

The door seemed to open as if of itself, and a strange figure, all unannounced, walked across the floor, and, without any invitation or ceremony, seated himself on a chair beside the fire.

The room was, as I have said, only dimly lit, so that I had only a very imperfect view of the strange visitor, but, so far as I could gather from his appearance, he belonged to the artisan class; anyway, he wore the garb of a working man. He looked tired and run down, as might have been expected in one who had just come off some long journeyings, and who, in consequence, greatly needed rest. I could see, as he sat in the shadow, but little of his countenance, but what I did see made me wish to see more. Altogether he impressed me with the idea of sadness and weariness, telling of a heavy load of care; and yet there was about him a quietness of demeanor that seemed to testify to the possession of great inward strength and peace.

What surprised me much with the advent of this stranger, was the fact that the owner of the mansion, for such I judged the young man to be, expressed no surprise at his appearance. Perhaps it was concerning his visit that he had spoken to the servant a few minutes before. Anyway, I concluded that he must have been expected, and it was soon plain that this was the case. A stranger to me, he was no stranger to this young gentleman, who, a little time before, had, with such satisfaction, been laying down his plans for the future. Perhaps the reason why he did not bid him welcome was that he did not care to see him. However, nothing introductory was said by either. The night was very chilly. The stranger drew near to the fire. He was evidently cold, and the young man took a chair opposite him. There, for a season, they sat in silence, while I wondered what could be the meaning of it all.

CHAPTER III.

AT last the stranger spoke. As he did so he turned his eyes full on the young man, and, through the gloom, I could see they were wonderful eyes—not so much in their peculiar formation, as in the capacity they possessed for expressing the feelings of the heart. As I looked into them, they seemed to speak volumes of sorrow. They were evidently the windows through which a sorrowful soul looked out upon a sinning and sorrowing world.

But if his eyes were remarkable, his voice

plenty of room for this kind of exercise in this spacious apartment. As he walks he talks.

"What a future is mine!" he said. "I have a loving father and mother, I have congenial friends, considerable wealth, and a large

was more remarkable still. Soft and melodious, and yet, oh, so piercing, it seemed to penetrate and thrill the whole being at it fell upon the ear.

"You will be surprised to see me," he said. "I have appealed to you before, but appealed in vain. I have sent letters, but they have brought no answer; messengers, but there has been no response. Now I am come myself." At these words an anxious look passed over the young man's face, but he made no reply.

"You are too much occupied to think about my affairs," the Stranger went on. "You have so much to do with your studies, and your pleasures, and your recreations, and the rest of it, that any serious thought about my work is pushed on one side. But my business is urgent now, and I want an answer to the request I have sent you, and I want it to-night."

The young man was still silent, but, as the Stranger spoke of wanting an answer to some request at once, I fancied that I saw him shake his head, as if to say, "THAT CANNOT BE."

"You know what my business is," quietly said the Stranger. "The sins and sorrows of the world fill me with anguish, they are a great burden on my heart. Night and day I wander to and fro, a living witness of all the horrid oppressions and cruelties practiced between man and man; and all the wrongs, and rebellions, and indignities that are heaped upon my Heavenly Father. I must do something more effectual than has as yet been accomplished to change this terrible condition of things. I want you to help me. You can do much, but there is only a very little time."

At this, I thought I heard the young man say, under his breath, "What can I do?"

The Stranger went on—"I have just come from India. There I have seen 300,000,000 of men, women, and children, with only an exception here and there, still in the darkness of heathendom. I have seen the miseries flowing out of their castes, and ignorance, and a thousand other things. I was there during the dark days of the ghastly famine. But famine," he said, "with its attendant plagues of hunger, and disease, and death, is the ordinary lot of 40,000,000 of these poor people. I know it well. I am always visiting them. Indeed, I see, I know it all."

"But then, there is the spiritual darkness. You believe, don't you," turning his eyes on the young man, "that these people are superior to cattle, that they have souls that ought to be saved? You believe that they ought to know their Heavenly Father, the way to His favor, and that they ought to have a chance of getting to Heaven? I want 50,000 men and women who will go and tell them all about that way. Their cars and hearts are open. Shall they have the opportunity? What say you?"

I saw by the twitching of his features that the young man's feelings had been gathering force as the Stranger proceeded, and I was not surprised to hear him break in, on being thus appealed to, "Oh, they must be helped, and they shall be helped! They shall live and not die in the darkness. Who will go?"

"There is our governess, she has a tender heart, she might go. My coachman is a Salvationist; send him—he would be willing, I think. Then, there is the housemaid—I fancy she cares about the heathen. Somebody must go, and as to the cost, I will subscribe, yes, I will give liberally."

I could not help being pleased with the warm feelings displayed by the young man, but the Stranger seemed to be disappointed, and a cloud passed over his face; He was evidently expecting something more than was implied in this little speech. But there was no alteration in his manner, and he went on:—

"You will not be surprised to hear that I have beheld more harrowing scenes than these. In this, your own boasted fatherland. All yesterday I was wandering in and out of the slums of your great cities."

As he pronounced the word "slum" I fancied that his eyes glanced upwards at the pictured ceilings, and around at the gilded cornices, and the crimson hangings, and luxurious furniture of the apartment in which we were sitting. If it were so, and if he made any comparison in his heart, he did not offer any remark upon it, but simply proceeded in his quiet manner:—

"Yes, I have been up and down the creek—"

ing, rotten, staircases, and in and out of the filthy, empty chambers, and seen the nakedness, and hunger, and wretchedness that reigns there.

"I have been wandering, too, in and out of the haunts of drunkenness, and looked on the multitudes that no man can number, of men and women, whose bodies, and minds, and souls, and lives, and families, and neighbors, are cursed for ever and ever by the darkest curse known, the curse of the monster drink."

"Yesterday I saw a young man, insane with the maddening passion, strangle his fair young wife. I saw a mother dash out the brains of a child of tender years, while not far away I saw a son dye the white hairs of his aged father with that father's crimson blood."

"Horrible, horrible, horrible!" ejaculated the young man.

"Yes," continued the Stranger, "I have stood for hours and hours in the glittering drink palaces, and watched men and women, with alluring smiles and flattering words, for the gain of a little gold, deal out the fiery fluid which they knew full well would carry destruction to their customers."

Here the workings of the young man's face indicated that his heart was very powerfully moved, and when the Stranger paused he broke in: "Oh, something shall be done, the poor slaves shall have a chance. Where are the temperance people? We will have legislation. I will vote for it. I will go into Parliament. I will drink no more; never shall another drop of the murdering beverage enter my house, or cross my lips." And then, in his agitation, he walked several times across the room.

As he calmed down, the Stranger went on in the same quiet, piercing tones—"All last night I was in the streets, and in and out of the houses of ill-fame. There I saw thousands and thousands of women, young and old, many of whom were once, oh, so innocent and beautiful, the joy and hope of their mother's heart, but who are now, alas! bereft alike of virtue and shame. I saw them with their mouths full of ribaldry, dead to all womanly feeling, revelling in the ruin that they spread, as they rushed recklessly down the steep incline to rottenness, death, and endless woe."

"I am always busy with the miseries and evil-doing of men. I am a regular visitor of the prisons. Do you ever look inside those dwellings of despair?" he asked, but without waiting for an answer to his question, he quickly continued. "If you visited those places as I do, you would find hundreds, nay, thousands, of men and women, of all ages, shut up like wild beasts. Shut up, I say, away from love, and hope, and heaven, and you might almost say, from a right and true knowledge of God Himself. If you saw those desolate creatures, or could find time to muse a little on their wretched lot, your heart would ache, I think, as mine does, to remember what a grim necessity is laid upon them to come in and out of those gloomy walls with monotonous regularity, until their miserable career is ended by the criminal's hopeless death."

"All day and all night," he continued, "I gaze on the maddened crowds absorbed in the frenzied search for gold, and fame, and pleasure. I mingle amongst them on the exchange, in the market, on the race course, in the theatres, in public, and in private, on land, and on sea."

"All day and all night I see the melancholy procession of human souls as it marches on, on, on, down the broad road which leads to destruction, reckless of my Father's honor, or their own interest here or hereafter; on, on they go direct to misery and death."

"Yes, I see them now. Can you not see them?" And raising himself up, and taking a step forward, he gazed with a far-away look towards the window. "Can you not see them?" he enquired again. "Tramp, tramp, on they go to the grave, and to destruction. Oh, the gates of hell are scarcely wide enough to receive them."

Here the young man again interposed, this time in a piercing cry, that made me start again. "Oh, awful, awful!" he exclaimed, "and yet I know it all—have known it long. Oh, say no more, I cannot bear it! Oh, my God, where are the bishops, and the clergy, and the ministers, and the priests, and the Salvation Army? Where are they? What are they all doing? Can I do anything? How different life looks

to me this hour to what it did an hour ago! What can I do? I will pray—I will give—I will write—I will talk to my friends—I will, I will, I will!" and then he worked his excited feelings by again pacing the floor.

CHAPTER IV.

THEN there was a long, I might say a painful pause. The fire burnt lower, the weary traveler's voice was silent, when, strange to say, although everybody knows that strange things happen in dreams, the young man seemed to fade away from sight, and, curiously enough, I found myself in his place. But what was stranger still, I seemed to have been in his place all the time. Now I thought that it was I who owned the mansion, it was I who sat by the fireplace gazing on the Stranger, it was MY HEART that had been pierced and torn by the words that had been spoken, and that it was MY MIND that had been occupied with wondering thoughts as to what could be done to deal with the harrowing circumstances the Stranger had so graphically described.

For a time, I have said, all was silent. It was growing late and the visitor made no signs of retiring. I wondered why. It would have been a relief to have been left alone. I wanted time to consider. I felt I must do something—*but what?* I looked at my watch, and, thinking I saw the Stranger shiver, I stirred up the fire, on which the flame blazed out, falling with full glow upon his face, and what a face that was! It fairly startled me again, it seemed so familiar. Was it my imagination only? No, I must have seen that face before.

He lifted up his hand; again was it my imagination playing with me? But there was certainly a wound, and there seemed to be what, in the dim light, looked like blood upon his hand. Had he met with an accident? What did it all mean? It was all so strange, and yet I did not ask him to explain; I simply wondered again who my visitor could be.

I waited. He spoke again—"Can't you hear the wailing of the poor, doomed children?" said he, "doomed not by God, but man. Can't you hear their sobs and cries, as their little feet tread the thorny road of evil?"

"Can't you hear the clanking chains of the slaves, the groans of the wounded and the dying on the battlefield, and the moans of the paupers in the workhouse prisons?"

"Can't you hear the curses and blasphemies, which, like an infernal chorus, are going up to heaven all the time?"

"Can't you hear the despairing cries of men and women perishing in their sins? Cannot you hear?" And as he spoke, he raised himself up with an anguish that evidently filled his heart.

"Can't you hear the sounds of the weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, of the men and women who have gone down to hell, because no man cared for their souls?"

As he pronounced the word "hell," a shudder went through me. I cried out in bitterness. "Something must be done! Someone must go! Men and women cannot be left to perish without a hand being stretched out to help them. Who, who, who will go?"

All at once the Stranger rose, came over the beautiful carpet to the spot on which I stood, and fixed his eyes full upon me. Beneath that gaze I was moved to my heart's deepest core: I trembled from head to foot. And then he spoke. He only uttered two words, but they went to my inmost soul. All through the night, again and again, my heart had beaten so wildly that at times it seemed as though it must force its way through my breast, but those two words seemed to make it stand silent and still. What were those words?

"Go Yourself."

"Go myself? What? Me go?" I said. "How could I go, and whatever use would I be if I went? Me go? Impossible!" I inwardly gasped. It was only the whisper of my heart, but the Stranger seemed to hear my thoughts, for soft and low he answered back, "All things are possible."

But I went on thinking as though he had not spoken, saying to myself, "What, leave my father and mother?" and I thought of all their love and grey hairs, and my obligation to them. Impossible!

Again the Stranger whispered, "All things are possible."

What, leave my home, with all its luxuries and associations! And rapidly my mind traveled from room to room, upstairs and downstairs, and then out into the garden, and again I said to myself, "Impossible!" and then again, as though he heard my thoughts, the Stranger whispered, "All things are possible."

Then I thought of the breaking up of all my plans for the future—plans for acquiring wealth, and winning fame, and finding pleasure—and again I inwardly exclaimed, "Impossible! It cannot be!" while once more the Stranger in his low, clear, piercing tones, answered, "All things are possible."

And then my feelings got the better of me, and I said aloud, "It cannot be." No one has ever been asked to make such a sacrifice before. No one has ever been expected to leave so much and go down so low.

While I spoke another change came over my vision. The luxurious apartment, with its gildings, and furnishings, and comforts, suddenly assumed the appearance of a stable. Here were cattle, there were rough servants, here were weary, worn peasants preparing to pass the night upon the straw, and there was a manger, and in the manger was a lovely Babe, oh, so fascinating, so lovely a child. So fascinating and so lovely was it that it fairly captivated me—made me forget the stable, and its tenants, and all else besides, and as I gazed upon it, I could not help fancying that I saw something in its features with which I was familiar. But while I wondered and wondered, the scene changed once more, and the stable was gone and the mansion had come back. Once more I was in the drawing-room, and again the visitor was sitting in his chair, and turning his face towards me, as though wondering what I was going to do, I beheld in him the features of the Heavenly Child.

Now I saw it all—how blind I must have been not to have seen it before. My Lord had come Himself to invite me to follow Him. Then my heart broke, and, falling at His feet, and bathing them with my tears, I cried out:—

"My Lord and my God, I will love Thee, I will worship Thee, I will sing for Thee, I will pray for Thee, I will talk for Thee, I will give Thee my house, my money, my all. But, oh, ask me not for such a sacrifice, ask me not to go on such a mission. How could I go to the heathen, or the slums, or the criminal, or the drunkards, or the ignorant, mocking crowds? It might mean to me not only poverty, and sorrow, and suffering, but death itself. Oh, I cannot face that, I cannot! Ask anything but that."

And then, suddenly, the gloomy room was flooded with light, and the Stranger rose up, and, standing forth, the robes fell from His shoulders, and the covering from His head, and, for the first time, I had a fair view of Him, and, oh, what a vision it was!

I felt at first as though paralyzed. His countenance was beautiful beyond description. His forehead was torn as though with thorns, His hands and feet seemed to be stained with blood, His side still showed the murderous gash through which the spear reached His heart.

For a moment we looked into each other's eyes, and then He opened wide His arms to welcome me, and as He stood there, with those blessed arms outstretched, it seemed as though I could see Him actually suffering, praying, and dying for me on the accursed tree.

And then again I fell before Him—this time staggering out, with broken speech. "Lord, forgive the selfish withholding of the past: there shall be no more wretched excuses. Thou didst go to the lowest depths for me. Here I am, send me where Thou wilt."

Let Me Go.

Then those blessed arms enfolded me, lifted me to His bosom, and pressed me to His heart, and, with the rapture of that embrace, I woke, and wept to find Him gone. It was a dream.

Our World-Wide Army



THE Salvation Army is yet young, comparatively speaking, having passed its thirty-fourth birthday, yet old enough, however, to have cut its wisdom teeth and to make the best of past experiences.

For a young religious and philanthropic organization, the Army has grown and developed with a rapidity which is nothing short of marvelous. Its veteran leader, General Booth, has now under his command nearly fourteen thousand officers of all ranks, distributed through the five continents of the globe, and working, with few exceptions, among all the leading nationalities. Its soldiers and adherents are found in every walk and condition of life. Its institutions for the poor, the ex-prisoners, the outcast, for fallen girls, and homeless children, number over eight hundred, accommodating, in round figures, sixteen thousand persons, and are now being recognized as the most effective and economical institutions of their kind.

The most of the present-day chieftains of the Salvation Army have been raised from its converts, and to-day are known as men and women of resources and abilities, because they have consecrated their life, with all its powers, to the one great object of winning the world to Christ. Then the General and Mrs. Booth raised a most remarkable family of children, who, nearly all, to-day, are leaders of importance in the Army.

William Booth, who once was the most slandered of men, is, doubtless, to-day, one of the most beloved men in this world. His untiring giving of his best, and his all, to the service of God, and the marvelous way in which God has honored and used him, in the conversion of thousands and thousands of souls, as well as in the success of the organization he now commands, has stamped him indeed as a present-day prophet of God.

THE GENERAL'S LIEUTENANT.

The second in command of the international Army operations is Mr. Bramwell Booth, the Chief of the Staff, and head of the International Headquarters, at London. He is the eldest son and trusted Lieutenant of our beloved and revered General. His office is a most difficult and responsible one, and it is a well-known fact that he has filled it with remarkable success, relieving the General, thereby, of a multitude of detail work, and allowing him to spend a greater deal of time before the public than would otherwise be possible. Mrs. Bramwell Booth is superintendent of the Women's Social Branch in Great Britain, a work of great extent and importance.



The Salvation Army field throughout the world is divided into Territories, each in charge of a commander, who is directly responsible to the General, and International Headquarters. The evangelical operations in Great Britain and Ireland are under the command of Commissioner Coombs, whose name has a familiar sound to Canadians, as he was the first Commissioner in this country.

With regard to his conversion, and the early days of the Army, we cannot do better than copy an extract from "Twenty-One Years Salvation Army," written by Commissioner Railton, in 1889:

"Eleven years ago, when our services were first commenced in the town of Wellington, you might have seen amongst the swearing, drinking young men who came out of the public-houses from time to time, to sneer and shout at our open-air meetings, Tom Coombs, then only sixteen years of age, but a thoroughly-practiced quill, skittle, and card-player, and gambler, induced, however, to attend service one evening, the Spirit of God so laid hold of him that he trembled from head to foot, and the same night, with two more, sought and found mercy.

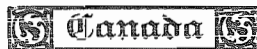
"The very next night he went to the open-

air meeting and became as committed to the war on the Lord's side as he had been on the other. Some time after this, at a meeting held by the Chief, he gave himself up altogether to God, and was soon after called out into the field, where, after some training as a Lieutenant, and various other experiences, he went as Captain to North Shields, where he encountered desperate opposition, but formed a good corps. Two thousand people gathered at the station to witness his departure for Newport, Monmouthshire, where 'Happy Tom' soon became notorious enough."

Major Coombs was sent in charge of Canada in 1884. The Army had, practically, opened in the country in 1882, but he extended the work with a velocity that had not been equalled in any other country, and, after five years, bade good-bye to Canada to take charge of the Australian forces. He remained in that country for six years, and was then appointed to the command of our forces in Great Britain and Ireland. He has been developing the work there standing, and is even now about accomplishing a target which he has set for the British field, determining to extend every branch and section of the work throughout the United Kingdom. His field comprises 1,667 corps and outposts, commanded by 4,918 officers and Cadets.



Our work in the United States was begun somewhat before that in Canada. Peculiar difficulties have been encountered there, but in spite of this, we have now in that vast country 735 corps, and 207 Social Institutions. The officers and Cadets number 3,025. The present commanders of that great field are Commander Frederick and Consul Emma Booth-Tucker. The Commander was born in India, of British parents. His early recollections were scenes of terror during the Indian mutiny. He was educated in England, and finally passed the Civil Service examination, and held the appointment of an officer in the Indian Civil Service, when he first heard of the Salvation Army. From all he could learn about this strange people, he became convinced that theirs were the very methods which would convert the heathen of India to Christ. He communicated with General Booth, and finally decided to throw up his splendid prospects, and join his lot with the Salvation Army. He went through the ordinary course of training as an officer, and was finally commissioned to open the work in India. He was opposed from every source, but, strange to say, mainly by the European element living in India, till his patient perseverance and determination to conquer overcame all obstacles, and when he fared well from that country he left behind him a well-organized Army. He married on April 10th, 1888, the second daughter of the General. Miss Emma Booth, who had taken a prominent part in Salvation Army work ever since childhood almost. She began by gathering the children of the district to which she belonged, for meetings, and was assisted by her sister Eva, our present Commissioner. It was not a mere Bible class, but a regular salvation meeting. These meetings she carried on until the age of sixteen, when illness prevented her from continuing. Later on she took up work in connection with the Training Homes, London, which she directed with singular efficiency. Her lectures were always forceful and original, and she was, indeed, a mother to all the girls who came under her training. After her marriage she was in joint command with her husband, in India, and of the Foreign Office at International Headquarters, which appointment they left in 1896, to take command of our operations throughout the United States.



Though the Territory originally only included Canada, it has eventually, by force of position and circumstances, embraced portions of other colonies and countries. For instance, it now includes Newfoundland, the Islands of Bermuda, Alaska, North Dakota, Montana, and

the northerly portions of the States of Washington, Vermont, and Maine.

Canada's popular Commissioner, Miss Evangeline Booth, is too well-known to require any introduction. From her early childhood, she seemed to be especially adapted for Army work. She held a number of important positions in Great Britain, her last one being at the head of the International Training Homes. Her administration in the Land of the Maple Leaf has been marked by many accomplishments. Canada now has 458 corps and outposts, and 941 officers and Cadets, 35 Social institutions, and sustains missionary work among the Indians, as well as educational work in Newfoundland in 19 day schools. As a public speaker, Miss Booth ranks among the first; the announcement of her name is generally sufficient to fill the largest hall. In Toronto, the magnificent Massey Music Hall, accommodating about five thousand people, has, on several occasions, proved too small to hold the crowds that have turned out to hear Miss Booth speak.



The Australasian command comprises the Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand, and Java. Commissioner and Mrs. McKie have just taken charge of this Territory. Commissioner McKie has been a Salvationist for more than a score of years. Probably his own characteristic style of telling his life-story will be found most interesting. He said, at his farewell meeting, in London:

"Twenty-two years ago you might have seen me, a lad with a skin crammed full of love for the world. But, by God's arrangement, I met with the Salvation Army, on a Sunday night, in a Tyneside town, outside a broken-down music hall, where thousands, I suppose, had sung their souls into hell.

"I sung their souls into hell, and twelve months after this I was saved in one of its meetings. A few weeks later, I knelt down in my workshop and handed myself over to God, and told Him that if I was to be an officer, would He let it be within a week? Exactly at the end of that time, an officer came and said the General wanted me.

"During this twenty-one years (I give God the glory), something like 57,000 men and women have knelt at the penitent form in my various meetings, and if a portion only of those get to the skies, I shall be amply rewarded."

His last command was in Germany, which country he has raised up to one of the foremost in the ranks of the Salvation Army. Before his departure for Australia, he was married to Major Miedinger, who was Editor of the German War Cry, and has been a Salvationist ever since the early days of the Army in Germany.

We might mention here that Commandant and Mrs. Herbert Booth, so well known to Canadians, have just relinquished their command of Australia to have a twelve months' furlough to recuperate their health. The Commandant, nevertheless, will not be idle during his furlough, but will spend his time in developing the Over-Sea Colony situated in West Australia. We published a large reproduction of his latest photograph quite recently. May the change of work, for to such the furlough amounts practically, be the means of fully restoring the Commandant's and Mrs. Booth's health and energy.



India has been of peculiar interest to British Salvationists, although missionaries for this field have been contributed from many countries. Canada giving its due share. India is such a vast country, with over two hundred and fifty millions population, and a diversity of languages; this necessitates the division of that country into four Salvation Army Territories, each with a Territorial Commander, who, however, is responsible to Commissioner Higgins. The Commissioner has been fighting beneath the blood-and-fire flag for a score of years. He first came in contact with the Salvation Army by hearing the singing of a chorus in the distance. He ran all the way, clad in a frock coat

UNITED STATES



Commissioner KILBEY
SOUTH AFRICA



Consul EMMA



Commander F. L. BOOTH-TUCKER



Commissioner RAILTON
FRANCE



Commissioner RIDSDALL



General William Booth



Rev. PERCY CLIBBORN
ITALY



Commissioner OLIPHANT
GERMANY



Commissioner COOMBS
GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND



DR. W. L. BOOTH



Commissioner EVA BOOTH
CANADA



Commissioner MCKIE
AUSTRALIA



Brigadier GALE
WEST INDIES



V. C. BULLOCK
IRELAND



Commissioner HIGGINS
INDIA



Colonel RICHARDS
INDIA



Commissioner MEADMAN
SWEDEN

LEADERS OF OUR

WORLD-WIDE ARMY



Colonel BULLARD
JAPAN



Commissioners LACEY and F. BOOTH-HELLBERG
SWITZERLAND



Brigadier MAIDMENT
SOUTH AMERICA

tall hat, and kid gloves, to hear and see these strange people, anxious not to miss the singing, which seemed to him the most beautiful singing he had ever heard. The stately merchant has made an excellent Army warrior. The three and a-half years of his command of our Indian forces have been marked by considerable advance. We have now in that country 1,179 officers and Cadets, and 1,444 corps and outposts.

FRANCE

France was one of the early fighting grounds of the Army, in fact the first foreign field opened. The Marchale, Catherine Booth-Clibborn, eldest daughter of the General, began the work at Paris, and, together with her husband, directed the Army in that country for nine years. Switzerland was then attached to the French Territory, but since then, various developments have made it advisable to separate these two countries. France is, therefore, now a complete Army Territory in itself, in charge of Commissioner Railton. The Commissioner is one of the earliest admirers of the Christian Mission, as the Salvation Army was called in its beginning. He was then studying for the Wesleyan ministry. A pamphlet, "How to Reach the Masses," convinced him that the Christian Mission was the proper organization to reach the great crowds of unconverted people. He at once made up his mind to join them, was welcomed into the Mission, and formed one of the early members of the Army. The General appreciated his zeal and energy. Commissioner Railton is the author of a number of the early Salvation Army publications. It was he who first proposed the title of the Salvation Army, and also proposed to drop Superintendent from the title "General Superintendent," and so make William Booth General of the Salvation Army. He has traveled, since, all over the world in the interest of the Salvation Army; he opened the work in Germany, and has recently been placed in command of our French forces.

SWITZERLAND.

As already mentioned, the work in Switzerland was begun by the Marchale, who suffered imprisonment during the early days of severe persecution, rivaling apostolic days. To-day our work is well acknowledged, and properly appreciated. Practically, two main languages are spoken in Switzerland—French and German—which necessitates two editions of the War Cry. Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Hellberg are in charge. Commissioner Ijellberg hails from Sweden, where, by his ability and zeal, he rose to important positions in the Army. He held the appointment of Under-Foreign-Secretary, at International Headquarters, and, after his marriage to Miss Lucy, the youngest daughter of the General, then Commissioner Ruhani, of India, went to India, and upon his return took joint command of France, from which he has recently faredwell, and, at his request, been appointed, with Commissioner Lucy, to the joint command of Switzerland.

Sweden

Of the countries which do not speak the English tongue, Sweden is the land which has most eagerly welcomed the Salvation Army. This can easily be seen by the remarkable development it has made there. We have 486 corps and outposts in that country, commanded by 928 officers and Cadets. In addition to this 54 Social institutions are conducted in various cities. At the recent Territorial change, Commissioner McAlonan was appointed to take charge of that country, being his first Territorial command. Commissioner McAlonan is an Irishman. He has spent fourteen years of his life on the Trade, National, and International Headquarters, London, and is, therefore, well versed in Army government, rules, regulations, and discipline. He has given every promise of a capable and successful leader.

Norway

The sister nation of Sweden is under the command of Commissioner Ridsdel. It was formerly united with the command of Sweden.

but the rapid development of our work necessitated it being made a separate Territory. In Norway we have 121 corps, commanded by 392 officers. Commissioner Ridsdel was one of the early Christian Mission evangelists. He has had charge, for a term, of our work in Sweden and South Africa. Mrs. Ridsdel was the first woman-Captain to take charge of a Christian Mission, and in those days it was considered a doubtful experiment, as it was doubted whether a woman could successfully conduct evangelistic meetings, but Annie Davis, as her name was then, proved herself so successful that before long a number of women-officers were commissioned, and women have held their own in the Salvation Army ever since.

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND

The General's eldest daughter, known as the Marchale, Catherine Booth-Clibborn, and her husband, Commissioner Arthur Booth-Clibborn, have been singularly able to deal with French character, a problem not easily solved by a foreigner, as far as religious matters are concerned, anyway. Their long stay in France has worked a wonderful change in that country, although, numerically, it may not show to the same advantage as the statistics of English-speaking lands; yet, to anyone knowing the obstacles to evangelical work existing in Roman Catholic countries, the accomplishment will seem extraordinary. For five years now the Commissioners have been in charge of our work in Belgium and Holland. One of the difficulties there is the diversity of languages, and the two or three distinct nationalities, which have to be dealt with; nevertheless, the Army has steadily gained footing in these countries. Recently the General has appointed the former Chief Secretary, Colonel Cosandey, as joint Commissioner in the management of both countries. While converts may be difficult to gain among the Flemish, Dutch, and French inhabitants, yet, once gained, as a rule they prove very constant.

Germany

The beginning of the Army operations in the country of the Kaiser has been exceedingly difficult, not so much on account of persecutions of the populace, such as we had to encounter in France and Switzerland, but on account of the stringent police regulations and prejudice of some factions of the clergy. Patience and perseverance, however, have won the day. During the recent five years the work has made rapid strides, and to-day we have in Germany nearly one hundred corps, commanded by three hundred officers. It is something of special note to say that nearly all the soldiers on the German rolls wear full uniform. The Social institutions have been well supported, and prove most satisfactory. Commissioner Oliphant, who has just taken command, has been received with great enthusiasm. Mrs. Oliphant, who speaks German well, having received part of her education in that country, has been especially acceptable to the people.

DENMARK

Denmark is not a large country, yet we have there 134 corps, commanded by 315 officers and Cadets, and a number of Social institutions. The Army is very popular in that country. Colonel Richards, an Englishman, is in command at present. He was formerly in charge of the City Colony, in connection with the General's Darkest England Scheme. One of the features of the country is the Salvation Army Boothblack Brigade.

FINLAND

Finland is the only portion of the Czar's domain which the Army has been, so far, able to invade, although we have a number of influential persons who are great friends, and converts, throughout Russia. Finland also has a dual population. There are two languages, one is Swedish, the other Finnish proper. We

have in that country 140 officers, and 41 corps. The commander is Lieut.-Colonel Poulson, who has seen much service in Scandinavia.

ITALY

Our work in Italy is of an exceedingly difficult nature. We have made attempts in various parts, but have always met with many obstacles; nevertheless, we occupy 23 centres in that country of sunshine. Brigadier Clibborn, the leader, commands 34 officers and Cadets. He is a brother of Commissioner Arthur Booth-Clibborn. He is heart and soul in his present work, and has made many friends among the best people of Italy. The Army there is gaining in prestige and popularity.

SOUTH AFRICA

South Africa is a country difficult to work on account of its distances, and the few facilities for travel. The war has, for the last two years, interfered seriously with our operations in many instances. Our corps, of course, which were formerly located in the two conquered colonies, have been disbanded, although, wherever it is possible, operations are being carried on in an irregular way. Throughout Cape Colony and Natal, and among several of the native tribes, our meetings are carried on as usual. We have had a brigade of officers with the British columns operating in that country, which has proved an excellent measure in numerous ways, by assisting the wounded soldiers, providing comforts, writing letters, and holding meetings among the troops. Commissioner Kilbey, who is in charge of our operations in South Africa, is an Englishman, who has been Chief Secretary for Australia, and has held other important appointments at International Headquarters.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

The work among the Latin races of South America has been in progress for some years now, but, like in all other chiefly-Catholic countries, has been very up-hill. We occupy 21 cities and towns, and have 48 officers, and three Social institutions there, with Headquarters at Buenos Ayres. Brigadier Maidment, who is in charge, is of English origin. He went, in a humble position, to Denmark, where he rose to the rank of Major, and after holding an appointment at the Foreign Office, became Chief Secretary for South Africa, which country he left to take up his present command.

JAPAN

The country of the rising sun, the people of which have been called the Yankees of the Orient, has given a promising opening to Christianity in general, and to our work in particular. Although we occupy at present only sixteen stations, this must be viewed as a great accomplishment for the few years we have been in that country. Besides this, our Social institutions have been remarkably successful. The Army has been the means of changing the whole attitude of Japan towards the unfortunate girls, who formerly were practically slaves, without any chance of redemption. Our Rescue operations have created an agitation, which has gone throughout the Empire, and resulted in better laws regarding these girls. Colonel Bullard, who is the present commander, is an Englishman, who formed one of the first party that went to India to open our work in that country.

JAMAICA

This command includes most of the West India Islands, also the British possessions in South America, with Headquarters at Kingston, Jamaica. Our work is largely among the colored population of that region. We have 102 corps scattered throughout the islands, led on by Brigadier Gale, who, previous to coming to Jamaica, was Secretary for the village work, in Great Britain.

An Indian Love Story

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN PAGE.



SLOWLY homeward over the prairie rode War Eagle. Hunting had been good that day, and the Chief's taciturn features were wreathed in serene satisfaction. Already, in his anticipation, the wig-wam was reached, the braves seated round the common fire, and the thick fumes of the pipe of peace ascending. Yet, with true Indian passivity, he did not hurry his horse, but permitted it to take its own pace towards the encampment.

Suddenly there was a jerk at the bridle, and the high-bridged nasal organ of the Chief indulged in a gigantic sniff. An unexpected sneeze followed, startling the quiet steed, and ruffling the dignity of its rider. War Eagle frowned upon the tickling sensation in his throat and rode on. But the suffocating odor increased as the camp was approached, and a dense cloud of smoke hid the Chief's wigwam from view. The warrior expected to find his home a blown-up ruin, but the fantastic ring of gun-powder had escaped doing any actual damage to property. With sudden suspicion, War Eagle strode to his powder-barrel—dearest of all possessions to the red man's heart. It was empty, and over its blackened rim hung a small much-scorched figure, engrossed in scraping the remnants of his father's magazine into the matchlock of a musket.

"Soon, very soon," soliloquised the youthful brave, "Young Mountain will have a rifle of his own, and then he will have powder-blazes every—"

But here broke in an exclamation to which we have no literal translation, and a sudden box on the ears transformed Young Mountain's vision from the pursuit of musketry to the study of astronomy!

If fire was a cherished element with Young Mountain, the boy had early reason to feel a corresponding aversion to water. But a few moons after the exhaustion of the powder-barrel, a lone little figure, in a dripping blanket, stood on the shore of the great river, in whose turbulent waters an up-turned canoe floated ominously. A sudden squall had capsize War Eagle and his family, and from the swift-flowing current the child had alone escaped.

Under his uncle's care, for adoption is an understood observance in the social ethics of an Indian, Young Mountain reached the coveted stature which permitted him to carry his own rifle.

Just how many years went by before the eventful fishing up the big river, there is no record, for the Indian chronology is hopelessly erratic, and the snows which serve the prairie tribes as annual epochs, were little noticed on the coast, where our hero found his home. Young Mountain was a tall and stalwart likeness of the departed War Eagle when the great fish expedition paddled north.

With all his old-time love for powder and shot, hunting held more charm than the placid occupation of net and rod, and while his relatives reaped the rich salmon harvest, Young Mountain was away amid the dense forest, scarifying the world of bird and beast by the trusty shots of his favorite repeater. It was on one of these lonely expeditions that Young Mountain first met Bright Eyes.

The forest trail wound along the shore, and the young Chief strode along it, with weather-eye well open for the approach of unwary game. But not a single victim of feather or fur crossed the path, and the Indian's face wore an expression of solemn disgust. Suddenly, through an opening in the stately pines, the rocky promontory of a river bay came in sight, and the demure figure of an Indian maiden, lost in contemplation of

an extended rod. Just as the hunter came in view the line tightened, and an enormous bite nearly pulled the graceful little fisher into the water. What could Young Mountain do but hasten to the landing of that fish? What could Bright Eyes do but recompense the service with a grateful look from the dark orbs, so like her name. But there was no more hunting done that day, and from that hour Young Mountain discovered an absorbing interest in the angling he had erstwhile despised.

Clandestine courtship is of rare occurrence in Indian life, and Bright Eyes' parents were soon acquainted with the aspirant for their daughter's hand. There may have been some animosity between their own wolf-crest and the bear insignia on the totem pole of Young Mountain, for his suit was rejected with scorn.

Young Mountain was already a Chief, and his own master, but Bright Eyes was no free agent, for the primary lessons of an Indian maiden was to keep silence and to obey. The girl, however, was possessed of an independent spirit, and, despite many ominous threats, listened to the daring proposal of a mid-night elopement.

The moon had not yet broken the blackness of the western night when two stealthy figures stole down to the river's margin, and noiselessly floated a canoe. With the strategy of their race, they had covered all signs of their flight, and when they had paddled fourteen miles down the glass-like stream, the escape looked safe. The night was one of calm grandeur, and down the moon's path of silver sheen, the two floated like dreamers in a midnight reverie, for the Indian possesses the true poetic appreciation of silence.

Suddenly the girl stayed his paddle and motioned her companion to listen. Far behind them they distinctly heard the faint splash of a distant paddle.

"Alas!" wailed the girl, "we are pursued." "Why does Bright Eyes tremble?" exclaimed the young brave, his courage rising at sight of the girl's timidity. "Young Mountain is strong; no harm shall come to her while in his care."

"Ah, but Young Mountain does not know the cruel rage of the Wolf, when enraged. They will tear Bright Eyes away, and slay her brave."

The young chief smiled proudly upon his cherished fire-arm, saying boastfully:

"Then Young Mountain will not go to the Happy Hunting Grounds alone."

With feverish haste, the paddles were once more dipped in the water, and the canoe sped down the stream. Young Mountain was a champion canoeist, and the strong, brown hands of the Indian maiden were almost as agile. But the canoe behind was propelled by eight strong arms, and before day dawned was alongside their own. Then all was confusion. Young Mountain himself was pinnioned and

carried, with revolver at his throat, to show any interference, but the capture of Bright Eyes was no easy matter. In vain they sought to drag her away. She resisted like the young athlete that she was, and kicked the side of the canoe, in her struggles, until it became a wreck, and the second drowning accident in Young Mountain's life nearly effected. But strength and numbers told in the end, and the Wolf warriors, with their screaming burden, paddled away, leaving Young Mountain disconsolate, with a ruined canoe beside him.

In fiction, our hero would have been inconsolable, but this being a real-life romance, the prosaic fact is that, some years after, Young Mountain took unto himself a wife who, if less original than his first love, presented all the qualifications of an Indian squaw.

Many moons circled over Young Mountain's head, winding silver paths in the dark forest of his hair, and at last a great change came to his life. On a trading visit to the white man's coast, the blazing coat and booming drum of an Army march swept past. Nothing appeals to the Indian's heart like color and music, and Young Mountain mingled in the throng which followed to the little barracks. The red man had picked up some smattering of the white man's tongue, and sat spellbound by the truths, wonderful and new, which were told him that night. The Great Spirit, Who had been a myth to him all his life long, became a blessed and beautiful reality, and the Hunting Grounds, in which he had hoped for re-union with parents and wife, were transformed into a land of peace and light.

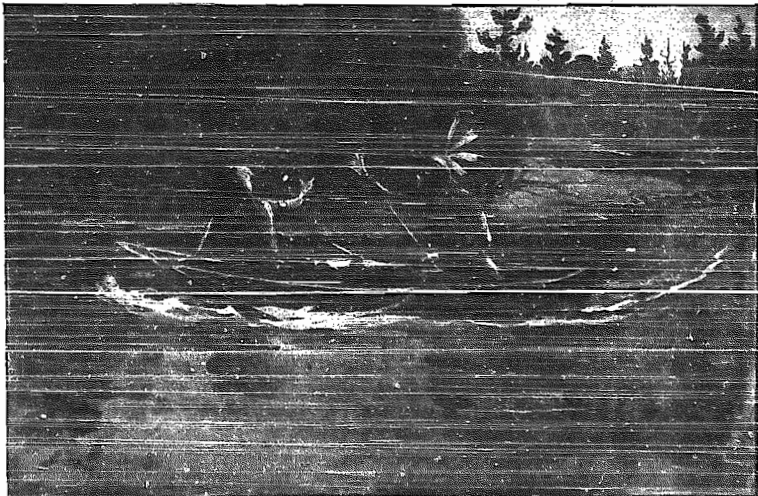
When Young Mountain returned to the fisheries the reddest of jerseys was on his back, and his life, as well as his testimony, proclaimed that beneath it beat the whitest of hearts. But the most conclusive evidence of the power of the Chief's religion was the revival which started amongst his own relatives and friends.

Seven years later there were mighty meetings in a large trading centre, at which the Chief held forth with all the native oratory of his race. The first at the penitent form was an elderly widow, still bearing the marks of early beauty, who, at the close, made her way to the made her way to the leader.

"The great preacher will have forgotten Bright Eyes," she said.

Had he? If so, it was well for the meeting that the benediction had been said, for the Chief's surprise and delight were all-absorbing.

The first Army wedding of the Indian corps was a great occasion, although the Chief himself was unable to officiate.



"WITH FEVERISH HASTE THE PADDLES WERE ONCE MORE DIPPED IN THE WATER, AND THE CANOE SPED DOWN THE STREAM."

BY STAFF-CAPT. F. MORRIS.

The Sublime Inspiration of Art

by B. R. S.

IN all ages, at all times, and among all races, there has been evident that mysterious clamoring of the soul for the Divine; the reaching out of the spirit to its Creator; the irrepresible desire of man to depict or mould the superior unseen in inferior visible, or to give expression to spiritual conceptions in material, be it chalk, paint, clay, wood, or marble. From the expulsion of our once-perfect ancestors from Eden, the human race sank, as it were, by the increasing momentum of the first disobedience, more and more into sin and selfishness, which increasingly dulled and marred the image of God in man until certain nations of to-day seem to be separated from the brute by a very faint line of demarcation. But even among the most uncultivated and stupid of people, there are superior men who recognize the workings of the Divine mind around them in nature and events, and who strive to depict in some manner by shape, size, color, or expression of rude images, the character of deity, to be worshipped by the unmindful inferior crowd. That inexpressible desire to know and to understand the Unknown Great Spirit of the Universe was, therefore, the original impulse and cause of art, however crude at first.

The Greek nation, pagan as it was, was also very intellectual, and its paintings and statues are still the admiration of the world. A refined, cultured people, the Greeks produced many great and noble men, artists, law-givers, and teachers, many of whose works are still in use in modern education. But the Greeks were very superstitious; not having a revelation of God, they searched for Him, and saw a deity in every force of nature, every season, every class and condition. So eager, even were they in their anxiety not to offend any Divinity that they dedicated an altar to the Unknown God, Whom, afterwards, Paul preached to them.

Greece represented the reign of human intellect. Rome superceded as the empire of force, degrading finally into indulgence. Then Christ came to institute the Kingdom of Truth and Love.

With the sublime teaching of Christianity, new inspiration was imparted to painters and poets, sculptors and orators. There was the great compassion of God in giving His only Son to save the world; the nobility of Christ's life, and His heroic suffering and death; the purity and love of Mary, His mother. The most remarkable feature of Christianity is the prominent place given to womanhood. No wonder, then, that the purest specimen of womanhood, the virgin chosen by God to be the mother of His Son, and the ideal of manhood, Jesus, the incarnation of God, should at once become the highest aspiration of the artist. So we may understand why, from the early ages of Christianity to this day, Mary, with her Child, Jesus, should become one of the grandest themes of the painter's brush.

We have selected some of the most celebrated paintings for reproduction on the opposite page. Among these, the oldest belong to the 15th century, when Italy was the home of art. Bellini's Madonna (3) is the oldest of the group, having been painted in Venice, by one of three brothers, all painters of fame.

Famous also is the Madonna of Leonardo Da Vinci (11), the most accomplished painter of his age. He was a man of brilliant genius, looked upon as a magician by many, being

famous also as a sculptor, architect, musician, botanist, engineer, and a daring explorer. One of his best known pictures is his celebrated "Last Supper." When he was painting it he left the figure of Christ to the last, and when he had finished it, he felt that he had not nearly reached his ideal, in spite of the fact that his Christ is considered very beautiful.

The laurels among the painters of Madonnas are due, by general consent, to the famous Raphael, born in 1483. When scarcely out of his teens he had achieved fame as an ecclesiastical painter: His cherubs, of which he painted many, are noted for their sweetness. He painted many pictures of Mary and the Child Jesus. Among the best are the Madonna of the Chair (15) and the Sistine Madonna (9). The latter is now in the celebrated art gallery of the King of Saxony, at Dresden. It occupies a special room by itself. The central figures of Christ and His mother are surrounded by misty clouds, which, upon closer look, dissolve themselves into a mass of angels' heads. It has been said that the face of Mary is of such simple, but grand, beauty that every other face held beside it fades into insignificance. Another of Raphael's Madonnas (12) was bought, in 1834, by the National Gallery, London, from the Duke of Marlborough, for £70,000 (\$350,000). Raphael died at the age of thirty-seven, at Rome, on Good Friday, beloved by everybody. All Rome turned out at his funeral.

Spain's greatest ecclesiastical painter was Murillo (1617-1682). He was the child of humble parents, who, noting the boy's eagerness to cover every available surface with sketches, sent him to a painter as apprentice. He supported, by his sketches, his sister and himself at an early age. His talent was readily recognized by the court painter at Madrid, Velasquez, who brought him into prominence. Murillo returned to his native town, Seville, in preference to going to Italy, which opportunity was offered him, and painted eleven pictures for the Convent of San Francisco. These paintings became so famous that travelers came from far and near to see them.

The famous sketch of Jesus and His mother of the 17th century, is that of Dolci (12). It is very sweet, and the face of Mary is full of soul and tenderness.

The 18th century was not noted for an abundance of great artists, but the past century has produced many very beautiful and charming pictures of a sacred nature. Among these modern Madonnas is that of Ferruzzi (19). It is very remarkable, producing a wave of admiration wherever it has been exhibited.

A beautiful picture is a more powerful preacher than many people think. It speaks through the eye, and so leaves the most lasting impression through the senses. It preaches a whole sermon to the beholder, stirs emotions and origiates thoughts which can in no other way be evoked. A picture lasts for ages. When a book would be laid aside, a picture arrests the glance of the eye.

Let us, then, remember that the desire of God is that our life should be Christlike: His life reproduced in us, or, as the apostle said, "Hid with Christ in God." A sanctified life is one which, to all those who come in contact with it, leaves the distinct impression that it is a Christlike life. Let us aim, then, as the painters of all ages have aimed, to produce the most beautiful likeness of Christ in our everyday life, so that the world may behold in us Him Who saved us, and we may leave behind us the most precious of all legacies, the influence of a godly life and the memory of a saint's triumphant death-bed.

A FEW days before Christmas, near the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Franco-Russian war came to a close. Most readers of the War Cry will be well aware of the disastrous defeat which attended Napoleon's march into Russia during the year of 1812. In that bloody war we are told, by no less an authority than St. Cyr, one of Napoleon's greatest Generals, no less than three hundred thousand of the Grand Army were either slain or left upon the field of battle.

After hardships that pen can scarce depict, with tens of thousands of corpses strewn along the line of march from Moscow to Kovno, Napoleon gave to his most trusted and favorite soldier, Marshal Ney, the command of the rearguard. At so critical a moment, such a post was not a position to be envied, and well might his predecessor, General Davoust, have begged again and again to be relieved of so great a responsibility. Ney, however, "the hero of a hundred battles," proved himself in this circumstance the great and courageous soldier he was known to be. After almost insurmountable difficulties, attended with great loss of life, he eventually brought his small army out of Russia, Marshal Ney being the last combatant French soldier to leave the field of battle. History tells us, arming himself with a musket, assisted only by a corporal's guard, he held the bridge-head against the forerunners of the Cossack vanguard; he then threw his musket into the Niemen and beat a hasty retreat, tramping all night, finally reaching the last French outpost early the next morning, empty-handed, ragged, and weary. To the challenge of the sentry he replied,

"HERE COMES THE REARGUARD OF THE GRAND ARMY."

Well might Napoleon have made the statement, "I have got five million francs in my coffers, but I would give them all for Ney."

The lessons are many that can be gleaned from the life of this great soldier. Such men are needed in the conflict against sin. Men of heart! Men of courage, who, in the time of seeming defeat, are brave enough to jump into the breach and bring out of it triumphant victory! Perhaps his chief characteristic was his great courage. Fear, with him, seemed altogether an unknown quantity. For the glory of France he was willing to give everything, even to the sacrificing of his own life. For the glory of God are we willing to so offer ourselves?

By Marshal Ney's continued battlings against the enemy, a vast fund of experience was obtained, making him the resourceful soldier he so often proved himself, bringing his army out of what was, more than once, the very jaws of death, and the border of utter rout, to grand and glorious triumphs. So with us, the more we throw ourselves into the Lord's battles, the more experience we, as a result, secure, the better fitted are we to cope with hell's battalions, and bring honor to the name of our King.

Reader, what have you accomplished for Christ? Have you made the necessary sacrifice? Napoleon depended much on his great General, and loved him for his true worth. Can Christ depend upon you, and can your love for Him be measured by the sacrifices you make for Him?

Our King shall lead the Army on,
And we, as warriors brave,
Clad in salvation's armor strong.
Will fight, the world to save.





The names of the painters of the above pictures are:—1. Schiel (German, modern); 2. Bodenhausen (German, modern); 3. Hebert (French, modern); 4. Ittenbach (German, modern); 5. Schiel (German, modern); 6. Popperitz (German, modern); 7. Deitregger (German, modern); 8. Gabriel Max (German, modern); 9. Raphael (Italian, 15th century); 10. Behn (French); 11. Leonardo da Vinci (Italian, 15th century); 12. Dore (Italian, 17th century); 13. B. Mageron (French, modern); 14. Hebert (French, modern); 15. Knirsch (Italian, 15th century); 16. Bouvret (French); 17. Deitregger (German, modern); 18. Raphael (Italian, 15th century); 19. Ferruzzi (Italian, modern); 20. Kdetski (German, modern); 21. Courtet (French, 17th century); 22. Murillo (Spanish, 17th century).

Transformation Scenes

by Brigadier Southall.

IN the minds of those who hail from the shores of "Merrie England"—and who mingle with the crowd "on pleasure bent," especially during the Christmas season—will linger the memory of those sights of mystic brilliance, called "Transformation Scenes." We remember the intensity of gaze, the exertion of nerve, the stirring of emotions, as we looked at the maze of dazzling lights and kaleidoscopic changes, skillfully arranged, and designed for the pleasure of the crowd who knew no higher joy. Alas! that the great horde knew only that pleasure—especially during this season—which appeals to the senses. To attempt to convince even average Christians that, as the spiritual is higher than the material, so thereby greater delights are to be found in the realm of noblest contemplation than in the physical, would be to encounter a ridicule born of the darkest doubt and modern religious scepticism. The fact remains, however, that God has made abundant provision for the highest enjoyment of His creatures, and in all His handiwork has He demonstrated His interest in the race by that provision, and the joys thus possible to all men. Will gladden the life of everyone who enters into "the secret places of the Most High."

THE FIRST TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

IT was a great day in heaven. The angels had been notified of the purpose of the Divine mind, and the hosts were marshalled in review order to witness a wonderful spectacle—a great transformation scene. From the throne the voice of Omnipotence speaks: "Let there be light!"

Immediately shafts of brilliance penetrate the gloom, and cleaving their way, at terrific velocity, struck a huge mass, and revealed to the wondering hosts a new world—and there was light." God had projected, with His own hand, a Divine arc light, and hung it amid the systems of the universe. Since that moment it has been doing faithful service, providing, in a general way, light and heat for the race. When the angelic hosts had recovered from their astonishment, they burst forth, voluntarily, into a magnificent chorus that made heaven ring, and the theme of that chorus was "Light,"—and the grandest songs of earth or heaven have for their theme "God is light."

ANOTHER TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

A WONDERFUL night. Quite a long time has elapsed since the last transformation scene was put on the stage of the universe. The Divine mind had again asserted itself in the interest of the race, and had given to the moral world a light "that should lighten every man that cometh into the world." That fact was announced by the wondrous light that startled the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. A great illumination—symbolizing the greater one, shined to transform those sombre surroundings.

wrapped in the pall of midnight darkness, into a brilliancy with which even the noontide glow of an oriental day would suffer by the comparison. This was an indication that the effect of the "gift of His only Son" to the moral world, should be as was that midnight illumination to the hills and dales upon which the shepherds gazed in ecstasy and wonder. Does anyone ask for evidence that such an effect has resulted? Listen! Here comes the echo of ten thousand testimonies from India's jungles, Africa's plains, the islands of the sea, and out of every nation and kindred they declare that they have "overcome by the blood of the Lamb." And back of the testimony there is that mighty revolution of habit and custom, which even the powerful arguments of powder and shell had failed to accomplish. The kaleidoscopic changes in this scene are still going on, and they demonstrate to the interested onlookers "up yonder" such lights every hour that cause the bells to ring, and the choir to sing, as new and wonderful conquests are recorded.

EFFECT OF TRANSFORMATION SCENES.

LIGHT is attractive, hence in our important social and public functions we seek to enhance their beauty by making them as brilliant as possible. In this men have sought to imitate God's way of dealing with us. Usually He has employed light when He has wished to specially emphasize some message. When He wanted to impress Moses with the great mission He was entrusting to him, He spoke to him from the burning bush. When He wanted to impress Elijah with his work, He spoke to him through the fire in the cave. And on another occasion when He wanted to confound the enemies of truth and of Elijah, He put on that great transformation scene, which had for its stage the top of Mount Carmel. The effect of that scene was to cripple the power of idolatry, and to widen the channel of the river of truth, so that its waters—which were nearly absorbed by the sands of heathendom—might flow onward, as they have done, increasing in volume and force, from that hour, until its rippling waves dance through the whole creation, carrying cleansing and healing on their crest.

In nearly every town or village throughout the Dominion, where the old flag carries its message of salvation, we have seen the effect of transformation scenes. What corps but has had its saved drunkard, or some remarkable conversion? The people had seen a light in the darkness, and an impression was made upon all who saw it. Light impresses the mind. It makes revelations. It is the forerunner of order, either in the community, or in the individual.

WANTED!—TRANSFORMATION SCENES.

WONDERFUL as the achievements of Christianity have been, how much greater they might have been if those who profess to fight beneath its banner had, in their own experience, realized the power of this Divine illumination! How shall a man or woman testify of a thing they have not realized? It must, therefore, manifest itself in the individual, and

it is bound, by its very nature, to reflect itself upon whatever it may come in contact.

Our pulpits and platforms will endeavor, by the choicest rhetoric and eloquence, to do justice to the ever-glorious topic of God's gift to man, and the message given on that occasion—"goodwill to men," etc.—will be exhaustively dealt with, and, necessary and proper though it is, it seems we need something more than talk. We want Divine illumination. We need in every corps a shaft of light from the throne of God. We need—and badly, too—in church and barracks, a flash of brilliant illumination that will drive out superstition, and sin, and coldness, and disorder, and thus prepare the way for the incoming—individually and collectively—of peace, and love, and earnestness, and all the fruits of the Spirit.

Oh, that in every corps such a transformation scene may be effected, and then should we rejoice in the fulfilment of that splendid chorus, sung at the recent councils, "We'll have a revival again." As God is true, and possesses as great power as ~~are~~ ever did, it is possible for every corps to be visited with a Divine illumination, the result of which will mean souls saved, and the work of God increasing in our midst in every respect. Oh, for a transformation scene!

Look Upward.

Look up, brave soldiers of Jesus,
The glory streams down from on high,
The joy-bells of heaven are ringing,
The reign of King Jesus is nigh.
Let your lives bear the lustre of noonday,
Let your swords be embellished with night.
For Christmastime brings, on faith's glorious wings,
New battles to combat for Christ.

The angels are thinking about us,
As they strike on their jewelled harps,
And the beautiful spirit of Jesus
On our souls its pure radiance casts;
Oh, say, shall we not lift Him higher,
With our hearts flaming brightly with love.
And our garments snow-white, bring the dying to Christ,

On our way to the palace above?

—JULIA PEACOCK.

To the Uttermost.

The great purpose of Christ with His people is represented all through the New Testament as being "to save His people from their sins," and as "able to save to the uttermost all them who came unto God by Him." Now, what can this mean but being saved to the extent of our need? When you came to Christ as a sinner, your need was two-fold—first, to be saved from guilt attaching to past transgressions; secondly, to be saved from the power of present sin. When a sinner is really converted, not only is he saved from the condemnation of past guilt, but the bent of his nature is changed. His propensity to evil, and gratification in that which is evil, is destroyed. Otherwise how can he be said to be saved at all? For, of the two, present sin, under new light and obligation, is more tormenting and God-dishonoring than past guilt; so if the Saviour saves us here, He fails to be a Saviour at all.—MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

To possess God—to know Him—that is the only good in life, in any world, and all God's providences for the saved soul tend to a further, deeper knowledge of Him. That is how no evil can befall the just, and the fact cannot be stated too strongly, that circumstances can neither make nor mar a Christian's happiness. It is not only that he lives above them, but that they all contribute their share to further his one object in life—the fuller knowledge of his Saviour. You never hear him moaning that life isn't worth living.—MRS. LIEUT.-COLONEL BRENLE.





What The Herald Angel Sang to Me.

By W.H. Cox Editor in Chief of
U.S.A. Publications of the S.A.

enlightenment lead us onward and upward to the Throne of the Eternal God.

The strength to live a righteous life among the times uncanny, comes from God. The daily life of the earth, as the accursed Slum comes from God. Every multitude by the gift from above, is a gift from above to base purposes, of those who plan, to invent, to any and every sphere. Every good gift, is from above, and comes in lights, with Whom is the shadow of turning." (Jas.)

the very salt of the earth. influence civilization has in its beneficent arms; dy like stars in the black night and superstition, to guide the earth to a sure haven of liberty. Cannibalism has given way before the light of the Gospel of Christ. The Juggernaut and Suttee, of Hindostan, have relaxed their cruel grasp upon human life. Wherever Christ is uplifted to the gaze of humankind the daylight of a new hope shines in, and the shadows of ignorance and cruelty flee away.

Nearly everybody in the world to-day admits this, but does that mean that nearly everybody renders thanks to God for it? or, coming nearer home, for the common blessings, not to mention the comforts, of life? The answer must be in the negative. Only those will, or, indeed, can, speaking properly, render honor and glory to God, who have been entirely delivered from their sins, and who are conscious of His abiding presence within them day by day.

THE ANGELS' SONG TO ME IS ONE OF HOPE.

We might break our hearts while contemplating the state of men's hearts to-day, after nineteen centuries of Gospel preaching, had we any doubt of God's present ability or desire to save. The blackness of men's lives reflects no discredit upon the beneficent designs of God concerning them; they but bring them out into bolder relief. They point in altogether a different direction—to the utter supineness of man's will, and the depraved nature of his desires, when God is not the controlling force within him. But there is yet hope. The song of the angels was, in its essence, one of hope. The star the Wise Men saw was a star of hope. The Saviour was born. The Messiah came to earth. The Word became flesh. Christ incarnate in human habiliments conquered death for all men. The world may be steeped in sin, but God lives, the blood of the Lamb still avails, there is a hope—a solid, lasting, permanent hope—for every hopeless, sinning son and daughter of Adam. God be praised!

We should condemn sin in unmistakable words wherever we find it, but whilst we deal out condemnation with one hand, we should hand out God's love and mercy with the other. Therein we have the complete Gospel.

THE ANGELS' SONG IS ALSO ONE OF CHEER.

It speaks of "Peace on earth" and "Goodwill toward men." Hallelujah! Were the principles of Christianity, of which the Golden Rule is but a faint echo, universally carried into effect, their leavening influence would create a correct apprehension of the proper relationships between nation and nation, between man and man, between employer and workman, between the government and the governed, between the weak and the strong. Abuses would

disappear, evils be corrected, God would reign, and all men be happy. Oh, that nations, as well as individuals, would turn to the Lord and seek His Sovereign aid!

THE ANGELS' SONG TO ME CONTAINS A NOTE OF LOYALTY.

I believe it was a pleasure for those supernal beings to go upon such a mission to the world. I believe they delivered their message, and fulfilled their duty faithfully and exactly before they returned to their heavenly home. They were true to the responsibility that devolved upon them. They were used to doing God's work, their nature to be loyal and

by any means. The outward nature, in the making of it, abundantly proves this. But it can be true to the principle we can follow the lead; we can render service in carrying His message and goodwill to the earth. And rebound with thousand hearts.

Angels over the plains of heaven and deeper significance of Christmastide? Do we wish to do so, as I said at the beginning of this article, we shall have to soar above the influences of earth.

A lecturer recently drew a vivid picture of a vessel lying becalmed at sea. There was absolutely nothing in the shape of a breeze. All at once it was noticed that the little pennant, far up on the masthead, began to flutter. There was no suspicion of a breeze upon the vessel's deck. But when the men saw the pennant stirring, they knew that there was a wind rising in the higher air, and they rapidly unfurled their upper sails. The vessel at once began to move, under the power of the higher currents, while on the surface of the water there was still a dead calm.

Earnest, believing prayer will carry us right to where the heavenly breezes are blowing. May they waft us, each and every one, into a brighter and more blessed experience than ever this nineteen-hundred-and-first birthday of our Lord and Saviour, our Divine Friend and Benefactor, Jesus Christ.

The Foundation of Peace.

Jesus Christ came to the world proclaiming peace. Wars, and rumors of wars, were the order of His day. National strife, religious strife, social strife, and family strife, and every kind of strife were rampant. Men of every class were rending each other in all directions, when He was heraded by the angels as the Harbinger of Peace. He at once went to the root of the evil, and, in the marvelous Orders and Regulations He issued on the Mount, laid the foundations of Love and Righteousness, on which Peace alone can build.—THE GENERAL.

No Orphans with God.

There are no orphans in God's world, so far as He is concerned. All men are His offspring. On the just and unjust alike He sends His rains and sheds His sunlight. But in a new and intimate fashion, the new-born son becomes directly dependent on God, the Father of His people. He can claim the portion of the heir. All the promises of the Bible, and all the declarations of the Holy Ghost, are yea and amen for him. He rests not upon intermediaries; he depends no longer on his own obedience, or his faith, or his humble service; he depends on the one central and eternal fact, on the one Father and Saviour.—THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

The cross was only less prominent, not less real, at Bethlehem than at Calvary.

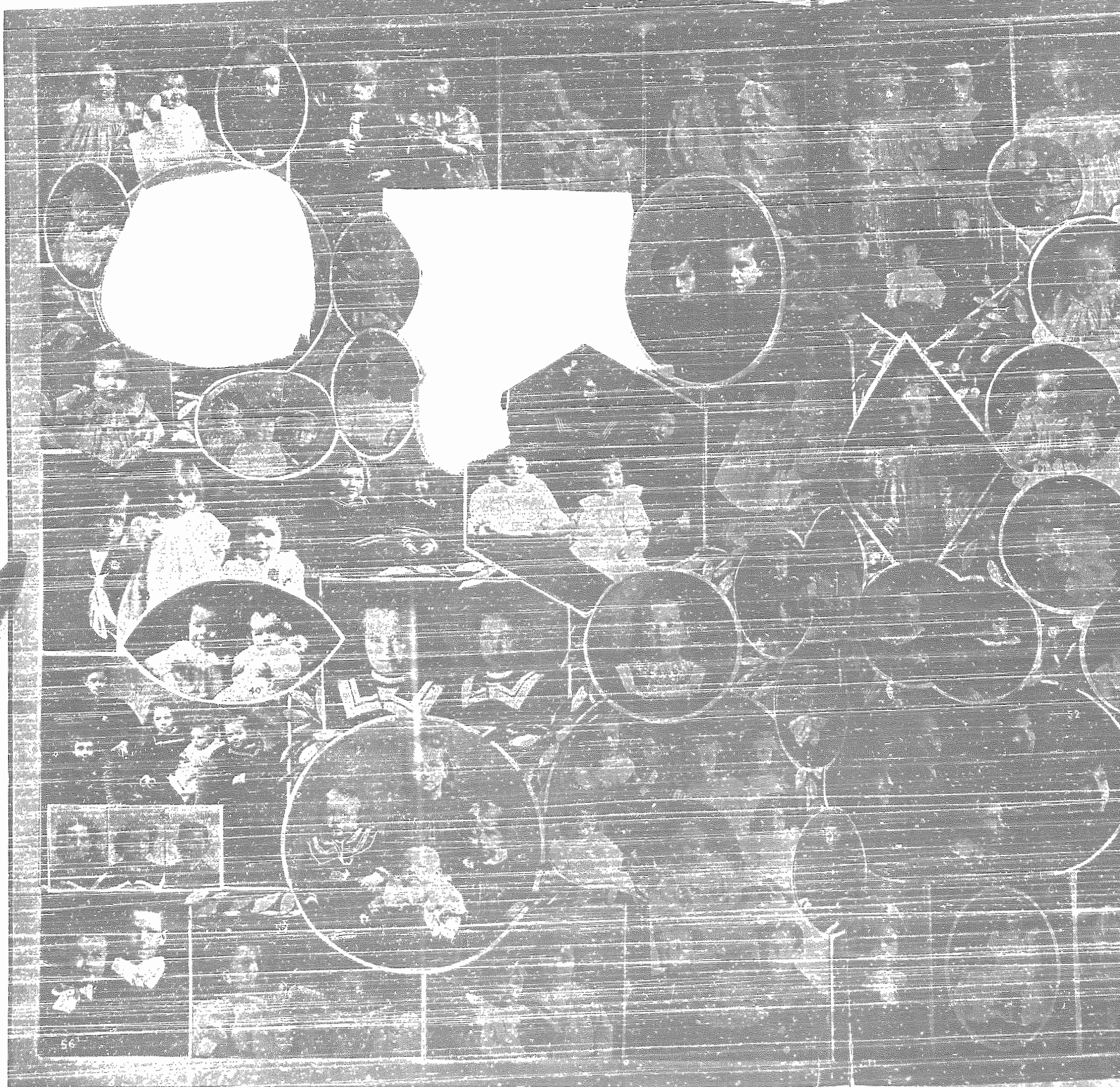
The shadow of the cross came up from eternity, and was first visible to man in the manger of Bethlehem.

Saviour, sped particularly their aerial flight. The of heaven must have a circumscribed distance, laws of gravitation, do not prevent a too-near approach to things mundane. As a needle is true to the pole, so, we may assume, were the angelic messengers to the celestial influences with which they were usually compassed. It is true they came sufficiently near to make their message known to the shepherds on the plains, but the historian neither records the distance of their approach, nor the language in which the glad tidings were set forth. As angelic beings, of course, they possessed the power to communicate their message from any altitude. We know it to be a fact that to-day, if we desire a heavenly message, we must get as far away from things earthly as possible, and soar away upon the wings of faith until we penetrate the Heavenly zone. If you long to hear celestial voices this Christmastide, reader mine, you will have to get away from the earth-currents, and come within the magnetic range of the Heavenly Kingdom.

I suppose the song of the Christmas angels has many interpretations to many minds. Let us each so catch the blest spirit of Christmastide this year as to strain our every energy in making the festival an occasion of peace and goodwill to our less-fortunate fellow-men; Christlike kindness and consideration of their physical requirements will pave the way very nicely for the sowing in the soil of their hearts of spiritual seed, which will, under the fostering care of the Divine husbandman, spring up and bear fruit unto life eternal. Our reward will be abundant. Our understanding of the angelic message will be quickened. We shall enter upon our work with a new impulse. A new feeling will possess our hearts. A new song shall be upon our lips, even of glory and honor unto our God, Who gave His best to save us from our worst.

THE SONG OF THE HERALD ANGELS TO ME IS ONE OF GLORY AND HONOR TO GOD.

"Glory to God in the highest," was the first sentence. There must be a significance in this. As the rendering of glory to God was the first note of the angels' song, it should convey to us the necessity of this being the key-note of our lives. It should be the first—the guiding—thought of our minds, the rendering of glory to God, our Heavenly Parent and Benefactor. No man can reasonably take credit to himself for a single one of the many things that may have contributed to his success in life. If circumstances have sometimes favored him, I would ask, "Who is He that is the controller of circumstances, but God Himself?" If every apparent reason for his success appears to be tributary to his aptitude and business acumen, I would respectfully enquire, "Pray, Who endowed this man with thinking powers and the ability to successfully grapple with commercial problems?" Every good achievement, every token of honest success (and anything that is not honest is not success at all, however much it may enrich the operator), every mark of the onward march of civilization and the world's



OUR FUTURE LEADERS: CHILDREN OF OFFICERS THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY.



FUTURE LEADERS: CHILDREN OF OFFICERS THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY.



A Yuletide Gift for All.

Some of the Evidences of a Consecrated Life.

BY LIEUT. COL. MRS. READ.

"His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

"God's own holiness within thee, His own beauty on thy brow—
This shall be thy pilgrim brightness, this thy blessed portion now."

THERE has been much controversy as to what constitutes a consecrated life. With many earnest Christians the question is an unanswered one, and many sincere seekers are living in the shadow and fog, when close to them are the fields of life, light, and peace—the green pastures of spiritual prosperity. So much has been said and written upon this subject, much that is helpful, inspiring, and instructive, and much that is mystical and perplexing. Through fear of failure many followers of the Christ do not venture into this happy, useful life of Christian service.

I want to outline, briefly and concisely (as a very weary mind can do) what this life is, and what it is not, and to point out a few of the outward evidences of a consecrated life. This experience is the birthright of God's children. "He shall save His people from their sins," that, "being delivered from our enemies, we might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life." Jesus, through His birth, death, and resurrection, purchased this earthly portion as surely as He bought "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven."

In every regenerated heart touched by the Holy Spirit, the desire after perfection is strong. It is the spirit crying out for a deeper knowledge of the Creator, often inspiring prayers like M. Cheyne's, "Lord, make me as holy as a pardoned sinner can be made."

HUMAN STANDARDS TOO HIGH OR TOO LOW.

Now, what do we understand by this holiness? Some teachers place the standard so high that the trembling one, beholding, feels that to attain it is beyond the range of human possibility. Other teachers place it so low that it has no attraction to those whose desires are after a "higher life."

1st. *The standard is too high* when people say they can be perfect. For instance, there is no perfect teacher, no perfect preacher, no perfect workman, no perfect sister or brother. There can be no such thing as perfection while there is mental imperfection, or imperfection in knowledge, or circumstances, or ignorance of future events; mistakes, and what seem like sins, may happen through any of these causes.

2nd. *The standard is too high* when people say they can be saved above temptation. Adam was a perfect man, and

a perfect woman; they had no hereditary propensities to evil, no unfavorable environment; everything about them was beautiful and elevating, conducive to holiness and happiness—yet they were tempted. Jesus was God as well as man, yet His humanity was tempted, sorely tempted, through the world, the flesh, and the devil; through His ambitions, His affections, and His appetite. Temptation comes through the senses, for it seems probable that, of the many forms of temptation He passed through, the three of which we are told are selected as specimens, and, if we notice carefully, we shall see that they represent great radical sources of trial to the whole human race. The more fortunate of us, who are brought up in competence, and shielded from want, cannot know the fierceness of the temptation which hunger brings—its driving, maddening power. The second trial was no less universal. It was the temptation to use His sacred and solemn gifts from God for purposes of personal ostentation and display. Whoever is entrusted with power of any kind, or any degree, is subject to the temptation to use it selfishly, rather than Divinely. But the last seemed to be the most insidious, and to prompt Him to use His miraculous gifts to form a worldly party, to seize upon all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them.

The temptation on the mountain, so graphically described by St. Matthew, shows the presumption and subtlety of the enemy we have to meet, when even our Lord, in His humanity, was not exempt from his "fiery darts."

3rd. *The standard is too high* when people say they cannot fall from it. The angels were perfect, and they fell; Adam and Eve were perfect, and they fell. Our Saviour-Christ Himself "suffered being tempted," showing that His temptation was a real experience, and only conquered by His struggling and wrestling in agonizing prayer.

The standard is too low, 1st, when people say a good, moral life is sufficient; that, if they

pay their way, are just to all, "do the best they can," that is all that can be expected. Such a life is lived by many who make no profession of religion, but who are good fathers, kind mothers, clever business men, or honest workmen.

2nd. *The standard is too low* when people say they are free from the consciousness of guilt. That is the state of the *converted soul*. Every professing Christian should be sure that the guilt of the past is blotted out, through the forgiving grace of God. "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

WHAT, THEN, IS THE DIVINE STANDARD?

1st. *To be given up to God's will.* One writer has said, "The highest reach of faith is loving, intelligent consecration of all our life to the will of God. We are to have desires, but they are to be held in subordination to God's desires and thoughts for us. We are to have plans, but they should be laid at God's feet, that He may either let us work them out for Him, or show us His plan for us, instead of our own. Complete consecration of our will to God's—that is the standard of Christian living at which we are to aim. Tennyson puts this well in 'In Memoriam'—

*'Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours to make them Thine.'*

They are ours—we are sovereign in our power of will. They are to be made God's, but we must make them His—we must voluntarily yield ourselves to God. That is consecration."

2nd. *To have a present experience of cleansing, not depending upon the testimony of five or ten years ago, but having the inward consciousness just now that the precious, all-atoning blood of Jesus cleanses from sin.* The clear witness of the Spirit, God's Spirit bearing witness with ours that our life is right and pure.

*"It is the blood that washes white,
That makes us pure within;
That keeps the inward witness right,
That cleanses from all sin."*

3rd. *To be perfect in love toward God.* Though it is impossible to live a life of sinless perfection, that is, a life that will please everybody, a life free from mistakes and errors, it is possible to be perfect in love toward God, to have the same love, according to our human measure, as Christ had. He said, "Be ye perfect," and, up to the measure of our human capacity, this is possible.

As the little darling paddling in the surf, on the stretching beach, holds in his chubby hands the drops of water—it is ocean, tiny drops, it is true, but real briny water, the fulness of the ocean according to the baby's capacity—so with the consecrated heart, it may be filled to its capacity with pure love toward God, and a consequent purpose to serve Him.

This is the fundamental truth of the new evangel, as taught by the hero-apostle, Paul, in his letters to the early churches—"This is the will of God, even your sanctification." Peter left no uncertainty as to how he understood the work of redemption, when he wrote, "As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance, but as *He Which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation.*" John, the beloved, who knew his Lord's heart, felt confident of his ground when he said, "If we confess our sins He is faithful and true to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

This doctrine was preached by that great John Wesley; for its promulgation the Army's noble General fought, and the sainted Mrs. Booth contended; for the triumph of this life our dear officers and soldiers have been misunderstood and maligned; for

Key to Group of Officers' Children.

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| 1 Frieda and Myrtle, children of Ensign and Mrs. Knight. | 35 Norman and Laura, children of Capt. and Mrs. Freeman. |
| 2 Ernest, son of Capt. and Mrs. Coy. | 36 Alice, daughter of Ensign and Mrs. Pugh. |
| 3 Gordon and Florence, children of Adjt. and Mrs. McGillivray. | 37 Ernest, Bertrig, Myrtle and Winnie, children of Brigadier and Mrs. Pugnare. |
| 4 Alberta, daughter of Adjt. and Mrs. Adams. | 38 Clayton, Beza and Wilfred, children of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Rawling. |
| 5 Muriel and Della, children of Staff-Captain and Mrs. Creighton. | 39 Pearl, Elsie, children of Capt. and Mrs. Jackson. |
| 6 Bramwell, Stanley and Gladys, children of Major and Mrs. Collier. | 40 Janet and Kenneth, children of Adjt. and Mrs. Hart. |
| 7 How, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Taylor. | 41 Ethel and Lillian, children of Major and Mrs. Hargrave. |
| 8 Ethel and Willie, children of Ensign and Mrs. Williams. | 42 Cery Mabel, daughter of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Taylor. |
| 9 Dalton and Blanche, children of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Myler. | 43 Hattie, daughter of Mrs. Ensign Wyman. |
| 10 Herbert, son of Adjt. and Mrs. Wiggins. | 44 Albert, son of Mrs. Ensign Payne. |
| 11 Ruth, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Lounsbury. | 45 Ethel and Kathleen, children of Ensign and Mrs. McHare. |
| 12 John, Bob, Nellie and Winnie, children of Adjt. and Mrs. Hickman. | 46 Louise E. Maud and Elmer B. Ferris, children of Ensign and Mrs. Collier. |
| 13 Herbert Arthur, son of Brigadier and Mrs. Smeaton. | 47 William, Louis, John, Faith and Hope, children of Adjt. and Mrs. Fraser. |
| 14 Jaly, Hester, Alfred and Kristina, children of Captain and Mrs. Stoddard. | 48 Kate, daughter of Brigadier and John Harold, children of Ensign and Mrs. Lyander. |
| 15 Otto and Karl, children of Brigadier and Mrs. Friedrich. | 49 Bella, John, Ethel, Edith, Dora, Hubert and Gordon, children of Col. and Mrs. Jacobs. |
| 16 Minnie, Bert and Ethel, children of Brigadier and Mrs. Southall. | 50 Aileen Mitchell, son of the late Ensign Mitchell. |
| 17 Ruth and Grace, children of Capt. and Mrs. Green. | 51 Minnie, daughter of Adjt. and Mrs. Dowell. |
| 18 Wilfred, Edith and William, children of Adjt. and Mrs. Creighton. | 52 Alice, daughter of Ensign and Mrs. McMillan. |
| 19 Laura, daughter of Ensign and Mrs. Cummins. | 53 Eva, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin. |
| 20 Katherine, daughter of Adjt. and Mrs. Cave. | 54 Arlie, Florence and Brian, children of Ensign and Mrs. Sloke. |
| 21 Whitwell, son of Adjt. and Mrs. Blackburn. | 55 Raphael, Elsie and Gerrie, children of Captain and Mrs. Brown. |
| 22 Wilfred, son of Adjt. and Mrs. Patterson. | 56 Hettie and Victor, children of Brigadier and Mrs. Horn. |
| 23 Violet, daughter of Adjt. and Mrs. Macdonald. | 57 Hazel and Ruth, children of Adjt. and Mrs. McHare. |
| 24 George, son of Capt. and Mrs. Forey. | 58 James Alexander and Colin David, children of Adjt. and Mrs. Critchton. |
| 25 Violet, daughter of Adjt. and Mrs. Hay. | 59 Herbert, Evangeline and Arthur, children of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Cass. |
| 26 Sophie, Alice, Annie and George, children of Capt. and Mrs. McKee. | 60 Eva and Victor, children of Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp. |
| 27 Joy, daughter of Adjt. and Mrs. Miller. | 61 Cecil and Horace, children of Adjt. and Mrs. Atwell. |
| 28 Evangeline, Gladys, daughter of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Stannard. | 62 Willis, son of Adjt. and Mrs. W. Kiedel. |
| 29 Raul, Blanche, Stanley and Mendall, children of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Burditt. | 63 Evangeline, Gladys and Bramwell, children of Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering. |

this we have endured opposition, misrepresentation, and the odium, "peculiar people." This is the rock upon which, in our early history, we built our organization, spiritually. All our success is attributable to this teaching. The light of a holy life is the radiance that will spread abroad hope and salvation in the world's dark places, and nothing can extinguish it.

Let us, then, consider what are

THE VISIBLE EVIDENCES OF SUCH A LIFE.

1st. *It is a life of prayer.* The question may be asked, "What is prayer?" "The act of beseeching earnestly, as in seeking some favor, aid, or offering reverent petitions to Divinity, or an act of worship especially to God, accompanied with thanksgiving, confession, and adoration." The poet tells us—

*"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,"*

But I like the sweet thought in Dr. Stalker's "Imago Christi":

"In the prayers of those who pray most and best, petitions proper, I venture to say, occupy only an inconsiderable place. Much of prayer expresses the fullness of the soul, rather than its emptiness. It is the overflow of the c.p. Prayer, at its best, if one may be allowed the expression, is conversation with God, the confidential talk of a child who tells everything to his father."

And Alexander McLaren writes: "Prayer is not to inform God, or to move Him unwillingly to have mercy, as if, like some proud prince. He required a certain amount of recognition of His greatness as the price of His favor, but to fit our hearts by conscious need and true desire and dependence, to receive the gift which He is ever willing to give, but we are not always ready to receive."

The excuse is often made by the Christian, "We have so little time for prayer." I know this busy, electric age is crowded with work and duty, and there seems little opportunity for the old-fashioned, quiet meditation, which made the saints of old so strong and confident. But, perhaps, herein is to be found our mistake, and the cause of spiritual inertia and failure. We find that the busier our Saviour's life was, the more time He gave to prayer, often stealing away from the pressing crowd, which thronged His steps, into the mountain-top alone to pray. Even when He did not have time for food He found time to pray.

"He prayeth best who loveth best."

Prayer is necessary; it is as the oil to the lamp, the food to the spiritual palate, the electric current which keeps open the communication with the Unseen. "Although a man, Christ was a sinless man. At every stage of development His manhood was perfect. He had no sinful past to weaken the force of present effort. Yet He needed prayer, and resorted to it continually. What a commentary on our need of it!"

It is profitable to pray. All the spiritually great of all ages have been men and women of persistent prayer. Through prayer God's will and character are revealed to the suppliant. It was when Ruth turned aside to rest in the *foot of the mountain*, that the Master Boaz gave orders that she was to have a better opportunity to glean, and it will be so with us, when we take time to wait upon the Lord our efforts will be crowned with blessing; then we shall come from His presence clothed with power and unction for service. If Christ, Who was God as well as man, felt that He needed prayer, how much more do we need heart to heart, day by day, hour by hour, communion with God! He prayed because He was a man. Even in Him—humanity at its best, feeble and dependent—was not sufficient for itself, but daily dependent upon God. He bade His disciples "Come apart."

"Come, come," He saith, "O soul, oppressed and weary,

*Come to the shadows of My desert rest;
Come, walk with Me, far from life's bubbling discords,*

And peace shall breathe like music in thy breast.

*"Art thou bewildered by contending voices,
Sick to thy soul of party, noise, and strife!
Come, leave it all, and seek that solitude
Where thou shalt learn of Me a purer life."*

2nd. *It is a life of faith.* The inspired writer tells that faith is the substance (or foundation) of things hoped for, the evidence (or assurance) of things not seen, and proceeds to explain the great achievements of the galaxy of heroes and martyrs, whose lives have left behind them an immortal record.

Oh, the difficulties that have been faced, the conquests that have been made, through faith! The shield of faith is represented by someone as "Framed all of diamonds, perfect, pure, and clean."

The importance of faith is recognized by the best of all religions, and there is no power, light, or wisdom, without it. There is faith in

addresses on this subject. He explained that faith has five qualities—

- 1st. *Revelation*—knowledge.
- 2nd. *Perception*—seeing.
- 3rd. *Assent*—acknowledgement.
- 4th. *Trust*—reliance on God.
- 5th. *Confession*—speaking of God.

1st. Faith is the *Revelation of God*. We do not understand all about Him, but we must know of Him, Who He is, what He is, to believe in Him. Faith is above knowledge, but it is made intelligent by knowledge. It is sometimes above reason. The raising of Lazarus was above the reason of Mary and Martha, but the mind sees the importance of faith, and there is no knowledge of God without it.

2nd. *Perceiving*, seeing, understanding. Faith is the telescope through which men see God.

3rd. The *Assent of the soul* to the truthfulness of the statement, believing the statement because we believe in the Author of the statement, accepting and appreciating all the promises of His word because we believe in the One Who gave the word.

4th. *Trust*. There must be a reliance of the soul on the truth of the statement to trust. This is the source of the Christian's peace; unbelief always means unrest and fear, but the trusting soul that, with a child's simplicity, places its hand into its Father's strong hand, is possessed with "quietness and confidence."

5th. *Confession*. "With the heart man believeth, . . . with the mouth confession is made. (It is as clearly our duty to confess with the mouth as to believe with the heart, and confession ministers to believing.) The Lord made Paul a minister and a witness, and he testified to full salvation. Matthew Henry, writing on this subject, says, "What God has wrought in your souls, as well as for them, you must declare to others." John Wesley, speaking of consecration, says, "One great means of retaining it is to frankly declare what God has given you." James Caughey testifies, "The more frequently I spoke of the great blessing, confessing it, and urging others to press after it, the clearer my evidence became." Bishop Hamline teaches that "the confession of holiness strengthens faith itself."

Ah, how much spiritual loss and weakness may be attributed to the failure to testify how "great things the Lord hath done."

Oh, let us get into the habit of faith. It is, I know, the gift of God, but so are our eyes, and arms, and tongue, but how useless these gifts are if we do not exert them.

This life of faith leads to a life of *Service*. Christian experience brings obligation. This is inevitable; we cannot get away from our responsibility to *serve God*; we do not wish to do so, we love to serve. We may not always serve according to the plans and ideas of others; we must serve according to the light and guidance of the Holy Spirit.

When David called upon the people to give of their substance, for the building of Jehovah's Temple, he "rejoiced for that they offered willingly to the Lord." Willing service will be a joyful, spontaneous service, glorying in the opportunity and the honor of bearing His name, and the privilege of serving those about us for the sake of the Lord.

A consecrated life is not a gloomy experience, oh, no, but a glad, blessed one. Is my reader living it? If not, why not? The condition to its enjoyment is a full and complete surrender of all you have, and are, and hope to be—time, talents, money, friends, everything—to Jesus and His service. If you have not made this surrender, do so at once, in the words—

*"Here I give myself to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine I be,
Wholly Thine for evermore."*



FAITH.

all the world about us: it is kept in motion by the exercise of faith. There is faith in the animal kingdom: the birds build their nests in faith, the swallows go to a warmer climate in the Autumn, and return in the Spring, in faith. Also in the material world, the farmer ploughs and sows, but does not know that the sun will shine and the rain fall; he does his work in faith—he believes in the progress of the seasons. There is the family faith: the mother trusts the father, the father goes to strange lands and the mother does not doubt his returning. The husband trusts his wife, marriage is a contract of faith. We have faith in the food we eat; the sick have faith in the physician; the citizens slumber without fear, they have faith in the protection of the law. All business relations are carried on in faith, and the exchange of a bit of paper is the only proof. This is not the same kind of faith that we have, but it is in *harmony with our faith*, for spiritual faith and religious faith resemble natural faith in its character.

During my visit to the Old Land last summer, I heard the General give several very helpful

THE BIRTH OF ISRAEL

BY THE EDITOR

"I

he not rightly named Jacob?" exclaimed Esau, when he heard from his dying father's lips of Jacob's deception; "for he hath supplanted me these two times; he took away my birthright; and, behold, now he hath taken away my blessing."

And so one receives, from the account given in Genesis, an unfavorable impression of Jacob. Esau was a cunning hunter; rough, hairy, strong, and brave; following the scent of the denizens of the forest, the favorite of his father. Jacob, his twin brother, was his mother's boy, the weaker but more handsome of the two; loving, but subtle; more inclined to look after the herds of domesticated cattle, than to follow the rough trail of the wild beast. We know of Jacob as one who took advantage of his brother's weariness and hunger, to extort, for the price of a mess of pottage, the birthright of the first-born. We again hear of the double deception practiced upon his blind, dying father, by serving a kid for venison and presenting himself as Esau, claiming the blessing of the first-born brother. Again we find him tricking Laban, by using his cunning, to have the best and strongest cattle ringstreaked to increase his personal wealth.

NOT ONLY AS A DECEIVER, BUT ALSO AS A COWARD,

do we behold Jacob in the Bible. He flees from the wrath of his brother; he flees from his uncle Laban; he trembles at the prospective meeting with his brother, and sends his possessions, his servants, and even his own family, before he ventures himself.

And yet we find that God seemed to favor Jacob on every hand. It was foretold to Rachel that her twin-sons would represent two nations—"The one people shall be stronger than the other people; and the elder shall serve the younger." Esau must have but lightly valued his birthright, or he would not have so cheaply disposed of it. Jacob estimated it highly, going to a deal of trouble to obtain it and the blessing of dying Isaac, even though he used despicable means. God again favored Jacob when he slept upon the plains, a stone for a pillow, with the famous dream of the ladder which reached heaven. And on other occasions it is plainly indicated that God was with him, to make him the progenitor of His chosen people. We notice that the Bible speaks frequently in severe terms of the best-beloved men of God, more fully exposing their sins and faults than eulogizing their good qualities. In fact, herein we discern the difference between man's biographies and God's word; man is apt to hide, God to expose, faults of favorites. Yet we may find the key to God's concern for Jacob in the one beautiful allusion to the love Jacob bore Rachel, for whom he served seven years, "and they seemed to him but a few days, for the love he had to her." Being deceived by Laban, he yet served another seven years to win Rachel. He had a heart that could love, and

COULD LOVE PASSIONATELY AND CONSTANTLY.

The capability to love is the most precious possession of the heart. Jacob had it, and he feared God.

Jacob was by no means left unpunished for his deceptions. For twenty years he carried the threat of his brother Esau's wrath in his mind. Laban, in turn, deceived him, by giving him Leah instead of Rachel, for whom he had served; and Jacob feared his uncle to the last day he was with him—every sin brings with it its own remorse and fear.

And now Jacob, the supplanter, is on his return to his father's country. The fear of Esau comes upon him with redoubled force, as he is nearing the place of Esau's abode. He resolved

to make some restitution to his brother, dividing his possessions, and sending them before him. The gift is to plead his acknowledgment of the wrong he did to Esau, and at the same time to compensate, in a measure, for it. And so Jacob plans how to meet his elder brother, what to say to him, how to act, how to propitiate, while he stays behind on this side of the brook Jabbok.

Alone in the darkness of the night, Jacob alone with Jacob, learns to know himself. Conscience is the best and truest mirror of ourselves when we are alone, and in the dark. Having raked over his mind for something to help him meet his feared brother, he sees the limitation and the questionableness of his own resources, and he turns to God. All night he wrestled, we are told. There were arraigned on both sides the forces of heaven and hell, to await the outcome of the battle.

ALONE HE MUST FIGHT IT;

as every soul must, one day, when angel and demon wait the decision before either dare proffer his aid. It must have been a hard battle. The old, subtle nature arose within him, and, doubtless, counselled retreat. "Never mind the many promises of God, Who, only yesterday, said, 'I will surely do thee good'; never mind all the promises of becoming the father of God's chosen nation; remember, to-morrow you will meet Esau, who has sworn to kill you, with four hundred men." "But God ought to be beloved, and feared, and obeyed, and it was God Who had called you to this country and kindred." It must have been a battle royal, for the supplanter does not die easily; in fact, the angel of God had almost departed when the patriarch, with a last desperate effort, renewed his grasp, and cried with all the depth of soul he was capable of,

"I WILL NOT LET THEE GO UNLESS THOU BLESS ME."

This cry was more than a prayer, it was a desperate resolve. It was a definite choice, which had changed the weakling into a man. Instead of asking of God only help, without any effort himself, he now comes to the point where he acts. "I will not let Thee go," was the first voluntary and responsible action of Jacob, which compelled God to comply with his request. It changed Jacob's nature—therefore, he should have a change of name. "What is thy name?" asked the angel. "What sort of a man art thou?" "Jacob," was the reply. "You have been a weakling, a supplanter, a coward, but now Jacob has died. (At the angel's touch his sinew shrank.) Within this flesh and blood a new man is born: *Israel*, who, as a prince, has power with God and with men."

Jacob, the fugitive supplanter, had knelt down in the darkness, on this side of Jabbok, and expired there; *Israel*, the Prince of God, rose with the sun of a new day, and crossed over the brook, to enter into the promised land of God, in spite of the obstacle that lay between the Divine purpose and its fulfilment.

ART THOU ONE OF THESE?

We meet with Jacobs daily. They are gifted, able people often; people who can love and believe, but who cannot face disappointments and difficulties. They are people who are subtle and double-faced when "policy" requires it; who go a long way out of their road to avoid an obstacle, and will forgo a principle to gain a temporary advantage; who are weak and short-sighted; the terror or inconvenience of to-day weighs more with them than the advantage which victory over these will bring to-morrow. To become *Isaels*, these people must come to a point of full consecration. They must realize that God has a mission for them,

and that mission can only be filled by complete and fearless obedience. God does not want a compulsory service, nor a reluctant one; but delights in the man who at once steps out saying, "Lord, here am I, command what I shall do," and who, upon encounter with hardships and obstacles, cries, "Lord, You are pledged to fight this foe for me; strong in my hold upon Thee, I'll go forward."

What is your name, reader? Is it weakling, shrinker, compromiser, inkblot professor? What is it? It should be saviour of others. It may be if it is not. At this anniversary of the birth of *The Christ*, you may kneel in all the fog and bewilderment with which your vacillating service has developed you, and, in complete surrender, firmly taking hold of the garments of Omnipotence, cry out, "I will not let Thee go unless Thou bless me." Then you shall rise, not only as a Christian, but a *Christ*; a saviour of others.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

OUR Christmas-tree we get from Germany. Perhaps the poetic idea of making spruce and fir bear fruit out of kind and season to brighten the dullness of wintry hours, may be taken from a legend of the times of Thor and Odin, but it more probably has its origin in mediæval pagantry. We have taken it from Germany, and that but recently, for sixty years ago it was a custom unknown in England.

S. T. Coleridge, in describing a visit to Germany, in 1826, gives a graphic account of the Christmas-tree custom, as one of which he had never before heard, and peculiar to the German people. It came to America with the German settlers of Pennsylvania, who kept up the custom decades before the descendants of the Puritans adopted it.

The custom of gift-giving comes to us from a legend of mediæval Italy. St. Nicholas, a bishop of the church of the fourth century, inherited a large fortune, all of which he gave away in charity—dowering portionless maidens and aiding poor children. A legend, which tells how the bishop restored to life three children that had been murdered, caused him to be regarded as the patron saint of the children, and it soon became the custom for the elder members of the family to give little gifts of toys or sweetmeats to the little ones on the eve of St. Nicholas' Day, which was December 6th. In southern Italy this is still one of the great festivals of the year, and far more pre-eminent than the children's day there than Christmas. It is easy to see how this festival, falling so near to that of the nativity, became, in most instances, to be combined with it.

Santa Claus is only St. Nicholas in Holland speech. The saint who, in Italy—the home of his birth—was a man of tall and imposing presence, became, in the Deutsch legend, short-legged and stout, and the necessities of the climate supplied his garments of fur.

The German custom of the visit of the Christ-Kindle, or the Christ-child, is derived from a wholly different legend, which describes the Saviour in the guise of a little child bringing gifts to the little ones on the anniversary of His birth as a human infant. This legend the poetic Germans allied with their Christmas-tree, and have always preferred it to the old, fat Santa Claus of Holland, with his Christmas stocking and his reindeer.

THE FINEST CHRISTMAS GIFT OF MAN.

"The finest gift one can give is always himself. 'The gift without the giver is bare.' You may have not one dollar to spend, but you can carry sunshine if your face is bright and your manner is sympathetic, and your heart is genuinely loving. Not in purple or fine-twined linen, not in silver or gold, not in any perishable earthly commodity increases the elixir of the Christmas joy; it is finer, subtler, sweeter than aught money can buy; it is distilled from a heart 'at leisure from itself,' and over it angels have chanted 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will to men.'—M. E. SANGSTER.



"I WILL NOT LET THEE GO UNLESS THOU BLESS ME"

The Supreme Joy.

By Staff-Capt. Archibald.

"And the disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost."—Acts xiii. 52.



WHAT constitutes your joy? From what source does it derive its pleasure? What is its chief delight? Is it the service of the cross that produces your happiness, or is it the pleasure of the world, the social glass, the pleasure of gaining or making money, the occupation of a political position gained by the confidence of men?

If your happiness is found in the service of humanity, in the giving of the cup of cold water (when no better can be given) to the poor and down-trodden, the heart-broken, in the touch of sympathy on the fevered brow, the pointing of men and women to the Christ of compassion and helping them heavenward on the journey of life, then you have a joy that passes telling.

GREATER HAPPINESS.

The presence of God in the most miserable place that can be found in the world is a greater happiness than the absence of God in the most glorious place that can be. At one time Luther said that "he would rather be in hell, with God's presence, than in heaven without it." God is the light and life of heaven, the exit of His presence would mean darkness and death. Consequently heaven would be heaven no more. "In Thy presence is fulness of joy, at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

If it is the presence of God that brings the joy, then where can this joy be found in better quality and greater quantity than in His service? Do we find the founders of Christianity dwelling on their difficulties, temptations, and hard fighting by the way? No; all these things helped to produce the joy which marked the Christian religion from every other, and made them, like Paul, "glory in the cross." There could not be glory without joy, and that joy was theirs because of His presence with them.

THE JOY ANGELS SING ABOUT.

Who can express the joy that comes to the faithful officer in seeing of the travail of his soul in a well-filled penitent form after a hard-fought battle, in which the devil and his hosts have contested every inch of the way? Does he not have a foretaste of the joy which interested angels sing about in the land of Glory over one sinner returning to the fold? What were the immediate results of the prodigal's home-coming? Music, dancing, etc. I was not told to "go on trial for a month or two," until we see whether we can take you into our confidence or no," but they began to be merry right away. Is not the absence of expressions of joy and thanksgiving over souls converted, one of the reasons God does not more abundantly crown the labors of His followers with this transcendent joy? So many of our own people are afraid of demonstration in a meeting. Long sermons filled with mildewed theology will make sad the heart of anyone who is compelled, through force of circumstances, to listen to them, and poor sinners will gladly go to sleep. As a preacher, Christ should be our model. He kept His hearers alert, because His sermons were short and natural. Paul, though a great preacher, kept at it so long that at least one of those present slept, and, as a consequence, fell out of the window at which he was sitting. The main reason many object to expressions of joy is that they have not an overflow themselves, or are constituted so that it is hard to express what they do feel. Salvation, in some, seems like the stars—

VERY, VERY HIGH, AND VERY, VERY, COLD.

When they see tears of joy, or tears of anxiety, they say, "Sentiment," "It's only feeling,"

"Excitement," etc. Oh, Cass, seal of the Holy Spirit without feeling—print also? Is the following mere sentiment—"I sat down under His shadow with great delight"? If we could get our comrades under His shadow, right out under His presence, would there be bounds to their joy? Did not Paul say, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice"? There is joy in the heart that gives the cup of cold water, that helps bind up the broken in heart, that ministers to the sick and dying. There is joy found in telling out His love to those in a felon's cell, in the open-air, or while selling War Crys. There is joy found in feeding the hungry and clothing the destitute. There is, in very deed, joy unspeakable in His service. The truly consecrated soul will seek to minister rather than to preach, and the man who truly loves God will serve humanity. Much of that which is termed "Spirituality," is simply circumlocution. "By their fruit ye shall know them." The more our hearts are satiated with His love, the more we seek to serve Him. The more we do in His name, the more the presence of the Almighty will shine upon our path in life, lighting up the dark places and keeping our oft-weary feet from stumbling.

OUR DUTY TO SHINE.

It is not only our duty and privilege to be good, and to do good works, but to shine. As the sun brightens the earth, so will the Christ make us to shine in Himself, and all the light He will kindle in your face will help lighten the burden and sorrow of those around you.

What is our life without joy? Without joy we can do nothing; we are like the instrument all out of tune. A good conscience is the ground for all true joy. Living with a conscience void of offence toward God and man,

"The joy of the Lord is my strength."

W. ARCHIBALD, STAFF-CAPT.



Maudie's Last Christmas.

A Rescue Story by Staff-Captain Jost.



CHRISTMAS is coming, and I am just going to have the very best time I ever had in my life. I do not care how much I spend, I am going to try and make every person in the Home happy."

Dear little Maudie. We looked at her as she paused, her brown eyes dancing and face all aglow with unselfish joy. Our thoughts went back over the checkered life of sin and suffering, and we thanked God for the change that He had wrought in her.

Sin? From earliest childhood trained in it, until, at last, at seven years of age, she was rescued from her home of sin by a philanthropic society, and placed in a Home for young girls, where she was trained in habits of industry and morality, and her spiritual welfare attended to. After some years, she was sent to a situation in the country. All went well for a time, until the tempter came, and she fell. When she came to our Home her heart was sad and embittered by sin and shame.

Suffering? Yes, more than anyone looking at the bright, fragile form could imagine. For weeks she hovered between life and death, at times going right to the brink of the dark valley. As we sat by her side and watched the painful, laborious throbbing of her poor heart, we could scarcely blame her for wishing, at times, that it would stop, and let the poor, tired little body rest, had she been ready to go. But, alas! she then was not.

God, in mercy, spared her life for a time,

and the opportunity of making her peace with Him. So, slowly, she came back from the gates of death. She professed to seek and find Christ, but, with the irritability often found with returning health, she seemed to let go so often her old, unhappy temper, and other besetments would reassert themselves, until at times she would be very discouraged, and feel like giving up the struggle. At last, one Sunday morning, in a little holiness meeting, in the Home, she claimed complete deliverance from the bondage of sin, and her after-life was one of victory, where before had been defeat.

Maudie also continued to improve in health, and before very long went to a situation, and there she soon became much loved by her employers. She lived quite near the Home, and she often came to see us, always being bright and happy.

Christmas was drawing near when she made the remark at the commencement of this sketch. True to her word, she planned and schemed for Christmas gifts, fashioning many of them with her own fingers in her leisure moments. In the meantime she had decided to join the ranks of the Army, feeling called of God to do so. We, at her request, gladly made her first suit of uniform.

On Christmas Day she was with us, smiling and happy, in her new dress, with its shining badge. As the gifts were distributed from the well-laden Christmas Tree, we found that Maudie had remembered all, and as she, in turn, was made the recipient of various tokens of love and goodwill, her happiness seemed complete. She did have "such a good time," as she had wished.

How little we thought that it was her last Christmas on earth, that so near to that scene of Christmas joy was the pale horse and its rider.

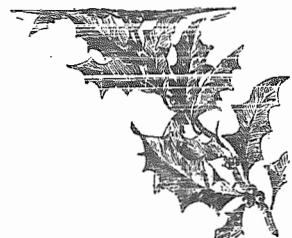
Just a few evenings after the summons came, Maudie had called, as was often her custom, to accompany us to the meeting. In company with an officer of the Home, she had gone on the march. On coming back to the barracks she was missed, and search was made.

They found her not far away, supported by the arms of two young girls. "Oh, I'm dying!" she exclaimed. They took her into a neighboring physician's, where everything was done to prolong life, but all was of no avail. When, in answer to a telephone message, we arrived a few minutes later, she lay on the lounge, cold and stiff in death, but with a peaceful expression, which showed that, though coming so suddenly, death for her possessed no sting. She died where, we believe, she would have chosen—at her post in the ranks below.

We took her lifeless body back to the Home, which she had left but an hour before in apparent health. In the same room which had lately been so full of Christmas joy, in which she had so fully entered, she lay in her coffin, the Army colors, which she loved so well, across her breast. It scarcely seemed like death, she looked so beautiful. Her calm, still face, we believe, spoke to many a heart which she, perhaps, never would have touched in life.

The funeral service in the barracks was well attended, God came near, and vows were made for eternity.

A brief service at the grave, as we watched the coffin lowered to its resting-place—tears of gratitude welled in our eyes as we thought of the redeemed soul in heaven, for ever free from sin and sorrow. Another sinners' safely garnered, another to greet us when the morning breaks and the shadows flee away.



A Triple Tragedy.

BY STAFF-CAPT. H. MORRIS.



HEY had been bosom companions for years. What Walter proposed was sure to meet with the hearty approval of Fred; but, then, this leaving home is a serious business thought Fred, as Walter explained to him his plans for immediate departure for the gold fields.

One evening, as the two were walking down the road, their conversation had no small tinge of excitement in it.

"It is just like this," said Walter, "we are working away here, and what are our prospects for the future? In twenty years from now we shall be about as well off as ever; besides, I have fully made up my mind to leave the old folks, anyway. At home, matters have become unbearable, and unless I go there is sure to be trouble."

Walter Stewart's father had a disposition akin to a bear, and, by the whole neighborhood, was considered a ne'er-do-weel. He scarcely had anything to say to anybody, and as for exercising any kindness, this was quite a foreign virtue to him.

Fred at last came to regard the proposition as a good one, and fully made up his mind to chance his luck with his friend. The village would have very little attraction without Walter, anyhow, and he might as well go. Preparations were, therefore, made, and the date of departure was agreed upon.

"Don't cry, mother; if it were only you I'd never think of going, but I can't live with father another day."

"Oh, my boy!" the poor woman sobbed, "think of what it will mean to me when you're gone. Things may get better."

"Better? No! They're getting worse every day, and he's in for making me as mean and contemptible in disposition as himself. Let me go, mother, and try and forget what a wild boy I've been."

Everything but a mother's love for him was forgotten just then, and the parting was a sorrowful one.

Walter's home had not been one of great happiness, yet it was with a sad heart that he lifted the latch of the gate for the last time, and waved his mother a final good-bye.

On his way down the road—the old road which, in days gone by, he had trudged to school—he saw the shuffling form and soured countenance of his father coming towards him. With a boyish desire to end well anyway, he put out his hand, saying heartily, "Wish me good luck, father; I'm off to try my fortune."

"Humph!" said the old man with a cynical smile, "you need not trouble yourself to return till it is made. If your mother is silly enough to make a scene over your going, I do not intend to let it trouble me. There will be one less to feed, anyway." And, pretending not to notice the outstretched hand, he pushed past and went in the opposite direction, while Walter made his way down to the station with what bit of warmth there was left in his heart towards his father turned into bitterness, and his mind fully made up that he would never darken the doors of the old home again.

IN a small frontier town, a Salvation Army open-air meeting was in progress, and standing around was a good crowd of listeners, composed of men who had recently returned from the mines.

"These people are alright," was overheard by the Sergeant-Major, as the Captain stepped confidently into the ring and announced that a special meeting would take place inside, entitled "The Prodigal Son." The man responsible for the remark had been so much impressed with the powerful songs and testimonies that he needed little persuasion to make his way to the hall.

The meeting was a dramatic representation of the prodigal leaving home, and the ultimate return and reconciliation with his aged father.

Walter Stewart's condition was the reverse of such extreme poverty and destitution, for had not the late few years brought to him good

fortune and wealth? But with all, he was not happy. While he always endeavored to put on a genial exterior, often at night he laid his head on his pillow and felt that of all men he was the most miserable. The spiritual significance of the service appealed forcibly to his conscience, and he began to realize that he was a wanderer far from God.

The prayer meeting was full of earnestness. Never had he heard such pleadings as the Captain's; she seemed to realize the solemnity and importance of the occasion as she asked if there was a wanderer who wanted to come home. Among the row of penitents found at the Mercy Seat knelt the tall form of Walter Stewart, and before long he rose a new creature in Christ Jesus.

ALTHOUGH years had gone by, Walter had not forgotten the old home. He had often been haunted by his vow never to set his eyes on the village again, and now he began to feel a sense of responsibility hitherto unknown to him. Perhaps the old couple were dead. He had not heard anything of them since that memorable afternoon, when he left his mother weeping on the door-step and his father frowning on the road, and they had heard nothing from him. He was not long in making up his mind to return, though there was a certain amount of regret at having to leave behind his bosom companion. Fred had become fascinated by the gambler's table, and was bound to continue in the broad way which Walter had turned his back upon.

One morning a stranger alighted at the little station. Some thought him to be a traveler, as he made his way to the village inn, which was now under new management. Their curiosity was soon satisfied, however, for, making known his identity to some old friends, they greeted him heartily, and were soon happy at the recollection of old associations. Walter Stewart related, in his graphic manner, his many thrilling adventures, and how, in spite of many hardships and discouragements, success had favored him, and that he had returned to hury up the town.

Enquiries soon made him aware that both father and mother were still alive and living in seclusion in a cottage just outside the village. Perhaps the news of his arrival had reached the cottage before him, and his plans to conceal his identity for a time might be frustrated: anyway he would chance it.

About dusk there was a substantial knock at the cottage door, and who should answer but the grey-haired father. A few years had wrought a marked difference in the appearance of both.

"Is there any chance for a night's lodgings?" asked Walter, trying to disguise his voice. "I am a stranger, and do not care to put up at the village inn, preferring to stay in a quiet place within easy reach of the village."

The elder Mr. Stewart regarded the stranger with a degree of suspicion, and after telling him that it was not the custom for them to entertain strangers, and that he must make it worth their while, and put up with the poor accommodation offered, told him he might stay.

"Oh, that will be all right," said Walter, smiling as he entered, not failing to notice some of the old-time sourness in his father's expression.

Mr. Stewart, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, an interesting conversation sprang up between himself and the stranger, which was only broken when Mrs. Stewart, at whose pale and careworn face the heart of the young miner nearly disclosed his relationship, offered some refreshments. "No, I don't take anything stronger than tea, thank you."

The hour for retiring came, but not before the fact, too, was disclosed that the stranger had recently returned from the gold fields, and had shown his host a number of valuable exhibits.

It was a little difficult for the old couple to understand how the stranger could converse so freely on matters pertaining to the village and its residents, some of whom had died long ago. On parting they were as much in the dark as ever.

Walter was now shown to the upstairs room—the old furniture was familiar, and there were many things to remind him of the days of his childhood. What a change had come over him since then. He went to sleep reflecting and determined to reveal his identity in the morning. A sudden impulse seized him just after retiring, and he almost went to the door and called, "Mother!" but remembering what a fright the sudden news might bring, he desisted.

The father had not retired, nor did he seem disposed to. He sat quietly pondering. Horrors! what is he contemplating? The carving knife has caught his eye—he must have the man's wealth at all hazards. Waiting until the stranger had got into a deep slumber, he crept stealthily upstairs. The latch was not turned without much trembling, but murder was in his heart; the man was an utter stranger, and no one would know anything of the ghastly deed. Once he thought he saw the sleeping form move, but it was something akin to his conscience troubling him. Stealthily he crept up to the bed, and, raising the knife, made one desperate plunge. It was a heart-thrust, the victim never stirred, but to make the horrible deed complete, a second lunge was made, this time at the throat, and the work was finished.

Too agitated to search among the papers in the pocket the old man seized the belt of mugs, for which he had bartered so much.

To dispose of the corpse was the next consideration. Early in the morning the body was dragged to the woods, and, with frame quivering with agitation and excitement, the old man dug a shallow grave, into which he thrust the body of his victim.

"GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Stewart," said an old acquaintance, as Stewart made his way across the village common. "You must be very happy man this morning. Why—what is the matter? You do not seem quite yourself. I suppose the surprise has been too much for you."

"What surprise?" muttered Stewart, in tones expressing more guilt than ignorance of what his friend was referring to.

"Did not your son come home last night, and were you not glad to see him?"

There was a deadly pallor in the old man's face, and if he had ever appeared feeble and agitated it was then. Too, he seemed to have grown years older in a moment. He made an attempt at brushing past, but was seen to totter and fall. When he exclaimed, "My God! I have killed my son," death had claimed another victim.

The tragic tidings soon reached Mrs. Stewart, and were so sudden that she was prostrated with grief. The shock produced heart-failure, and, before medical aid could be summoned, she, too, had expired.

The quiet country folk shuddered as three coffins were borne to the grave the same day, victims of this ghastly tragedy, which was, to the hundreds who witnessed the burial, a forcible illustration of the wages of sin.

"Emmanuel."

"God with us."

He came a little child, at Christmas-tide;
He came for ever with us to abide;
We came and left heaven's portals open wide.
Some day, with Him, back through those gates we'll glide.
Emmanuel!

Divine Evidences in Christ.

Jesus Christ came with ample evidences of His Divinity. All the way through His human course, unanswerable evidence testified to the fact that He was not only man, but God. His birth, His life, His teaching, His miracles, His sufferings, and, you might say, His death, proved Him to have been Divine. For, as He bowed His head and gave up the ghost, did not the quaking soldiers, the darkened sky, the rising dead, and the silence in heaven, bear testimony to the fact that it was God that hung upon the cruel tree?—THE GENERAL.



The Old Musician's Story.

I was a cold November evening, when I first met him, or, rather, became aware that there was such an individual in the neighborhood. The rain was driving down the street, before a cold, cutting wind. Few people were about, and those who were compelled to face the elements

looked miserable and cold as they tramped along the wet pavement, with their hands in their pockets and their coat-collars turned up.

Just as I turned the corner, an old familiar air struck my ears, and as it developed itself the words ran through my mind, "When other lips and other hearts," etc. I looked across the road, and saw, standing at the corner, an old man. He was blowing a much

BATTERED AND BRUISED CORNET.

He looked hungry and cold, so, waiting until he had finished his tune, I crossed over to him.

"Spare a copper, please, sir?" he said, as he stood shivering in the rain. "I've hardly had a bite since I came out this morning."

It was perfectly true; it needed no supernatural sight to perceive that. His face was thin and pinched; his back was barely clad, and what few clothes he had on must have been wet through, for the rain was soaking everything it came in contact with.

He coughed such a hollow, tearing cough that chilled my very bones to hear, for I knew what it meant to a man who had to stand in the street in all weathers—it meant death. The look in his eyes was beseechingly pitiful as he paused, waiting for an answer to his query.

I pitied the old man beyond expression, as I tried to imagine myself, old and feeble, compelled to come out such a night to get a living, and I beckoned him to follow me to a coffee-shop not two doors off.

"I can't," he said, misunderstanding my signal; "I haven't got a penny in the world." "It's all right," I replied, "come with me." So, tucking his old cornet under his arm, he followed me

INTO THE SHOP.

"It's kind of you, sir; it is—" But that horrible cough cut his sentence short, and left him in a semi-collapsed condition.

"A large cup of hot coffee and some cake," I said to the woman who was washing up huge coffee mugs at the other end.

"Large, sir, did you say?" she inquired.

"Yes, as large as you like," I replied.

"But, sir,——" began the old man.

"Oh, you'll manage a large one, I know," I said, trying to make my cheerfulness contagious. "I've been on the busking job myself before now, better clothed than you, and I know what an appetite it gave me."

"Aye, but it's good," he said, sipping at the inviting beverage, adding, with a forced attempt at merriment, "it's like new life to me; I can almost feel young again."

"But you haven't always been at this game, I know," said I.

"Oh, no, sir, and (pathetically) I don't think I shall be at it much longer; anyhow, I somehow feel I shan't."

"I hope not," I replied, purposely misunderstanding his meaning; "I hope you'll get something better than this to do."

"Past it, sir—past it long ago. I wouldn't try to live now, but—but for the—the little one," and his eyes began to moisten.

I knew not what was coming, but I could hardly restrain a tear myself, for I saw behind his hesitating manner a pathetic tragedy.

"A child of yours?" I ventured.

"Aye,

MY LITTLE GRAM-DAUGHTER.

She's all I live for; I'd die if I didn't for her, but I'll starve to death sooner than see her want.

Aye, sir, and many's the time I've come in near dead with hunger, and only enough for her to eat, and I've had to tell her I've had plenty, else she wouldn't touch a crumb, and all the while that pain's been gnawing at me, till sleep relieved me for a few hours. It's a hard life, sir; but it won't last long!"

"What have you been?"

"A musician all my life; but I'm past it now; I'm too old even for that. I've played in some of the best bands in England (mentioning the names of two well-known regimental bands), but every dog has his day, and I've had mine; it's been good while it lasted, but I'm at the end of my tether now. I'd die happy to-morrow if I could see her in a good home."

"But have you no children who could help to support you?"

He buried his face in his hands and said nothing. I felt half-ashamed of myself. Here was I putting the old man through a sort of Work-house catechism, as if I were doling out the hard case of a harder problem, and must prove him deserving. What right had I to enquire into the secrets of his life? I blushed at my own hard-heartedness, and would gladly have withdrawn that last query, but it was impossible.

"No," he said, sadly, without raising his head, "I only had one—a daughter. Ah, poor Li!"

I thought I heard a sob from that heart figure.

"No, don't tell me," I said hastily. "I beg your pardon. I had no business to ask. Your secrets are sacred; they are your own; I have no right to ask you."

"I don't mind telling you, sir. Something seems to tell me that you'll sympathize with

AN OLD MAN LIKE ME.

I haven't had anyone to tell for years, but you'll understand me when you know; you'll understand why I love her—the little one—and it's a relief to tell someone."

"Well, if you like, go on; but not unless you wish."

"She—my daughter, I mean—was an only child, sir; her mother died a few days after she was born. I loved her for her mother's sake. I petted her, did all I could for her, gave her everything she asked for, spoilt her—it's a bad thing to say—because I loved her."

"She grew up wilful and headstrong, but I loved her still. She was my only child—the only relic of her mother. I would have given my life for hers, but one day—"

Here he broke down, and could say no more for a moment.



"SAY GOOD-BYE, FATHER!"

"Don't," I said, "don't tell me any more: I can guess."

"Well, sir, you know," he said, recovering himself, "she got into bad company, and fell, and poor little Nellie was born. I was angry with her. I would not have her home; I would not see her."

"Three years later, I had a note from her, scribbled by a dying woman's hand, imploring me to come and see her. My old love returned and conquered my pride, and without any more fuss I went off."

"I—found her (almost sobbing) dying in a wretchedly poor home. She had worked her fingers to the bone for that child. 'Father,' she said; 'father,' as I came into the room."

"Oh, sir, it nearly killed me! I couldn't stand that. If she had sworn at me, called me cruel, wicked, a blackguard, or a murderer, I could have stood it; but 'father'—oh, and after the way I had treated her!"

"I couldn't stand it; I fell, sobbing, at her bedside. 'It's all right, father,' she said, 'don't worry. I'm going soon, and it's

BETTER FOR LITTLE NELL.

that I should go, and the disgrace I've brought on you will be wiped out when I'm gone."

"I want you to promise me one thing, father." "Anything, my lass, anything," I shrieked; "only forgive me for the way I have treated you."

"It's forgiven long ago, father," she said; "but promise me you'll take care of Nell and bring her up without telling her. She doesn't know, and she needn't know, when I'm gone. It's better for her if I go; you'll be her grand papa, and no one will know of me and my disgrace. Promise me you'll never, never tell her—promise, father."

"Aye, aye, my lass," I sobbed out; "she shall never know. I'll bring her up myself, and die sooner than break my word. I will, aye, that I will."

"Another little thing, father," she said, "and I'll say no more," and with one last effort she raised herself up a little and looked at me. "Father," she said, "don't let her have her own way like you did with me. I don't want to be unkind; you did it for the best, but this is what it's brought me to." Then, lifting her hands, "Say good-hye, father."

"I can never tell how long I stayed in her arms, but when I came to myself again, her arms were still around my neck, but she was lifeless, and as I looked up I saw poor little Nell sitting on the end of the bed

CRYING QUIETLY TO HERSELF.

"She seemed to take it all in. She kissed the lifeless form of her mother once, then held out her little arms to me, and I picked her up and caressed her, almost roughly in the height of my grief."

"That child had never seen me before; but, believe me, sir, she took to me from that very moment, and she doesn't know the truth to-day. I'm her grandpa, and no one but me, and you now, knows more. And, you see, sir, how it is I love the child so. I've nothing to live for but her. I wouldn't come out here and play if it wasn't for her; I'd sooner go to the Work-house. Sometimes, when she sits on my knee and talks, I can see the face and hear the voice of my own dear child again. I want her to grow up good, that's all."

"We were out in the cold air again; it was now quite dark, and the pavement looked slippery and cold as the flickering gaslight from a neighbouring lamp cast a long, straight beam across to where we stood. I was deeply sorry for the old man. He told me where he lived, and I determined not to lose sight of him."

I cannot say why it was, but to hear that old man thank me for the

little I could do for him brought a flush of shame to my cheek. After all, wasn't it my duty; was I not gratifying myself by so doing, as much as I was gratifying him?
I often saw

THE OLD "BUSKER" —

for that is the recognized term for the street musician—after that, and I noticed that amongst all the other things he played, he was particularly fond of "When other lips." I knew he was thinking of his child, and as he played the air with plaintive expression, the words associated themselves with his feelings:

"There may, perhaps, in that sweet scene,
Some recollections be
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me."

I told the Captain of the corps about him, and together we visited the old man and his grandchild.

She was a pretty, blue-eyed little girl of some nine or ten summers, cheerful and happy at the most pinching times; no wonder he loved her! I seldom had time to visit him myself after that, but I always knew his stand on a Wednesday night, for it lay right on my road to the barracks, and I never passed him by without a word of cheer, and something "for the little girl," but one Wednesday I missed him. I stood close to where he usually played, but no sound of him could I hear anywhere, so I passed on my way, thinking that perhaps he had had an extra stroke of luck, and had gone home early. I was away for the week-end, and did not return until the following Wednesday. He was not there again, and when I reached the barracks, the Captain came to me and said, "Have you heard poor old D—— is dead?—died last Thursday."

"Dead!" I exclaimed. "Dead! but the little girl?"

"Yes, she's got a good home now; we found her one. It was a terrible blow to her. How she loved the old man! I thought we should never get her away from his lifeless body. Poor little Nell! But she'll be well looked after now."

That was the end of the old musician, and I was the only person who ever heard the story of little Nell.
P.

God Revealed in Christ.

The great purpose of our Lord's first coming was to redeem. Beyond question, the object of our Lord's sojourn on the earth was to reveal the heart of the Father; that is, to make God known to men by His teaching, His example, and His miracles. But all these things, infinitely important as they were, paled before the one great purpose of His visitation, which was the redemption of mankind by the blood of the cross.—THE GENERAL.

What You Should Realize.

Alas! how few who read the sweet story of old, and rejoice in celebrating the advent of the Saviour-King, realize to how tremendous a work He came to call them! We gather, with somewhat of adoration, around the manger, and rejoice at the thought that through the precious blood of Christ a ransom is provided for us—a means of obtaining all sorts of blessedness, such as persons long for at Christmas time. But, that Jesus came not merely to provide something for us, but to make a call upon all the energies of our existence; that He came not only to cleanse by His blood from all unrighteousness, but to baptize us with His Spirit—to make each one of us one of His own fire-messengers to a dying world—that is what few, alas! realize at Christmas time.—COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

Christmas is a lighthouse passed once each year by every man on the sea of life, and having two bright rays. One pierces the blackness of his own heart, the other points backward to the long-forgotten Christ.

DRUNKEN CHARLIE

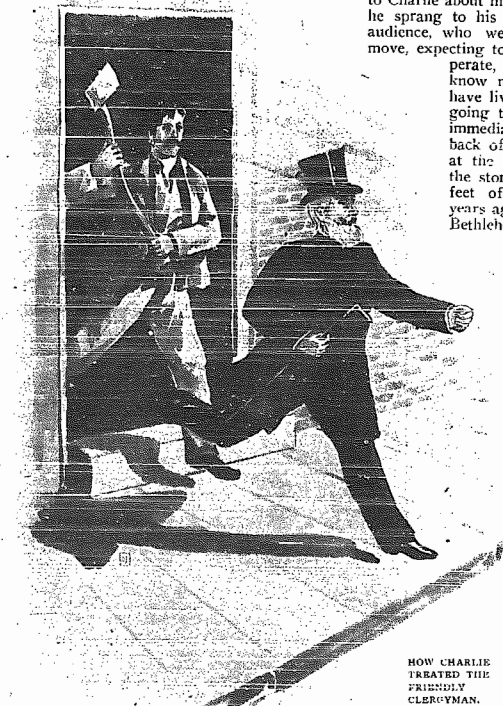
by MAJOD COLLIER

The Story of a Family Conversion.



CHARLIE was a slave to strong drink; he had been a drunkard of the lowest order for many years. Sunken so low that he could not obtain permanent employment, he only existed on what he earned at odd jobs, and, unfortunately, these were usually found around saloons, therefore his pay consisted of drinks and scraps from the kitchen. It is hard, indeed, to say how he managed to get the few scanty garments he wore.

Charlie's home was a wreck. The furniture



HOW CHARLIE
TREATED THE
FRIENDLY
CLERGYMAN.

that had made home comfortable in the happy days was worn and broken, for when Charlie came home intoxicated, which, by the way, was the usual condition in which he returned, he would frequently undertake to smash a few pieces, until there was scarcely an article left unbroken in that wretched abode.

Charlie's wife was a hard-working woman, as is generally the case with the wife of a drunkard, for she had been for years the support of the little family. It was all the poor wife and mother could do to provide food for the children and sufficient clothing to clothe them decently.

Charlie had a great dislike for religious people, and had a special hatred for the ministers of the town in which he lived; in fact, he had been known to chase a certain clergyman down town with an axe, so great was his dislike for him. There was not a minister in the town that would come near the wretched home, unless it was impossible to avoid doing so.

In January, 1885, the Army opened fire on

C——, where Charlie lived, and the building that was secured for a barracks was almost directly opposite Charlie's wretched home. The Army officers had not been long in C—— before they were told of this wretched sinner, and warned to keep out of his way, or they might receive the same treatment that others had suffered from him. This warning they were not, of course, anxious to take, as, generally speaking, Salvation Army officers are not afraid of drunkards, wishing rather to meet with and point them to Jesus than avoid them.

It was only a short time after the Army's opening meeting, when, one night, on coming from the open-air, the officers saw Charlie and his wife, with their two eldest children, a girl and a boy, of about 16 and 13 years, sitting in the second seat from the front. They had heard so much of Charlie and his wild doings that they rather expected to have a rough time, but, to their great surprise, he sat quietly through the first meeting, listening attentively to the songs, testimonies, and reading of God's Word, and when the prayer meeting commenced, still remained in his place. A few minutes later the Cadet, with some trembling, mustered up courage to go and speak to Charlie about his soul. Almost in an instant he sprang to his feet, turned and faced the audience, who were closely watching every move, expecting to see him do something desperate, and said, "Friends, you all know me, and the kind of life I have lived, but from to-night I am going to be a different man," and immediately he jumped over the back of the seat, and fell prostrate at the penitent form, weeping out the story of his wasted life, at the feet of the Saviour, Who, 1900 years ago, was born in a manger at Bethlehem of Judea, not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. Jesus blotted out the past of sin and shame, and Charlie was made a new creature. The poor wife was so overjoyed to see her wretched husband at the footstool of mercy that she immediately followed him, and knelt at his side, and in a few minutes the son and daughter did likewise. Together the four sought and found salvation.

Needless to say, there was a great change in the home at once. Instead of drunkenness, oaths, and curses, with sorrow and weeping of a broken-hearted wife and starving children, you could hear the singing of Salvation Army songs, and the reading of the Bible, with family prayer, which was started at once. It has been the writer's privilege many times to visit the home and pray with the family, and try to advise, cheer, and help them on their way to the Kingdom. Charlie and his wife took their stand as soldiers, and they were fighting for God and the Army when the writer left C——.

Dear reader, if you are on the downward road, the Christ of Christmas, Who delivered Charlie, and washed his vile, sinful heart, and made it clean, taking away the desire for drink, can do the same for you at this Christmas time, if you will but give yourself to Him.

Truth is the trial of itself,
And needs no other touch;
And purer than the purest gold,
Rehne it ne'er so much.
It is the life, the light, of love,
The sun that ever shineth,
And spirit of that special grace
That faith and love demeth.

After Thirty Years.

By
Colonel
Jacobs.

A GREAT deal has been said concerning the birth of our Lord, and the wonderful events which happened in connection with the same. Oftentimes I have thought it would be interesting to know some of the details of His life between childhood and manhood, but about this we are largely left to our imagination. The veil is lifted on two occasions only. We read of Jesus on His way to Egypt, and at the age of twelve, of His being in the Temple with the

doctors, when He uttered those remarkable words to His parents: "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" Between the age of twelve and thirty nothing is definitely known of Him, excepting that He lived in the city of Nazareth, and that which is implied in the words, "Is not this the Carpenter?"

The great object of His life, the purpose for which He left heaven, was made known by John the Baptist, on the banks of the Jordan, when from the skies came those beautiful words, in accents soft and clear: "Thou art My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased."

The thirtieth Christmas Day has come, making a dividing line in the life of Christ. Jewish custom prevented Him from beginning His public ministry earlier. At Nazareth the citizens had not understood Him—to them He was just a carpenter, the son of Mary and the brother of James. That He was anything extraordinary, and had a great purpose in life, or that He could claim equality with God, the Father, does not appear to have entered into their minds. But all this was known to His mother, who "kept these sayings hid in her heart." He is now to celebrate His thirtieth birthday, by commencing to fulfil His Divine mission.

Human ties, no doubt, had a tendency to hold Him to Nazareth; the Master is human, He loved His mother, had affection for His kindred, and, most likely, loved Nazareth. The time has come when these natural and rightful considerations must not stand in the way of His carrying out the mission of His life. Throughout these thirty years He has not forgotten that He is a King. In after years, to Pilate, He makes the declaration, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth." He is now going forth to commence this ministry and bear witness to this truth. Some of the thoughts that come to us concerning this thirtieth Christmas Day are:—

(1) That Christ came into the world for a purpose. Living in this world, we should make it our business to find out God's will concerning our life. It is amazing how few realize what they

are alive for. Look at the crowds of so-called religious people, who are simply aping at living; they have no settled object, no definite work, no fire on the altar of their heart, no burning message, in fact nothing that counts for the Kingdom of heaven. Just go to them and ask the question, "What are you living for?" They are struck dumb with confusion and amazement, for they simply don't know. We are inclined to think it is one thing, or the other, but then they get tired of everything in turn. Like children, they like a change of toys.

Are you a professing Christian? If so, ask yourself, "What is the purpose of my life?" It is not sufficient to plead neutrality—there are no neutrals in God's plan. What a pity it is that we have no definite idea of life! Others, sad to say, have an object—it is perverted, crooked, or an unintelligible one. To a very large extent, the purpose for which Jesus came should be ours. He was called Jesus because He was the Saviour. Many are born, and, unfortunately, are not told, in early life, that they are to be saviours—not definitely made to feel that the great object of their birth is to be Twentieth Century Christs. If, however, you have not before been told, you are now. I tell you now that the great business of your life is to save souls; that everything else must be subordinate to this all-consuming purpose.

(2) That, at thirty years of age, Jesus made known His Divinity and mission.

In the lives of many, a time comes when they should announce to the world that they are called to be separated unto the Gospel. I cannot speak for other organizations. I sometimes hear it said: "The ministry is full, too many

mother of Jesus, I say, "Whatsoever He hath unto thee, do it."

(3) To carry out His purpose He had to break the ties of Nazareth.

There are many ties which God many not call you to sever—there are others you must. To some, home has no charms—to others it has. No one could have loved their mother more than Jesus, yet He made family ties subservient to His mission—the days of preparation being fulfilled, He left His home at Nazareth. True, there was in Him a Divine side, which would only recognize God as His Father, heaven as His home; and there was the human side, the ties and memories associated with Nazareth; they were now broken, the thirtieth Christmas had come. To Jesus, it is "Good-bye, Nazareth! Good-bye, Joseph! Good-bye, mother! Good-bye, kind friends! I am off to the desert, to the city, town, and village. 'I must do the works of Him That sent Me.'"

Many of you are just there. Are you going forward? Is the good-bye to take place? Is the ambition of your heart to be turned into ambition that will be all right at the Judgment Day? Now let it be done—good-bye friends, good-bye money-making, good-bye grocery store, good-bye worldly position, good-bye carpenter's bench and blacksmith's forge, good-bye brothers, good-bye sisters, good-bye father, and, hardest of all, good-bye mother! You are doing it, and did you say, "Go out alone into the world to fight for God and souls"? No, no! You are in good company. The promise of the Master to His disciples, "Lo, I am with you always," is a promissory note that can be cashed at heaven's bank whenever presented. What a blessed privilege—! Laborers together with God." The promises are all good, for life, for death, when you reach the Jordan, and then on the other side to be numbered amongst those that turn many to righteousness, shining as "the stars for ever and ever."

TO SET YOU THINKING.

No people can be truly rich without righteousness.

The name of Jesus is the one lever that lifts the world.

To live only for the present and for self is a sad mistake.

Life is to be measured by its outflow, rather than by its income.

The man of bitter thoughts will not be likely to live a sweet life.

Be sure you're right before attempting to put your neighbors right.

When a wise man encounters an obstacle he makes a stepping-stone of it.

No woman can find greater social opportunities than those of her own home.

Wine may give wings to the imagination; but it gives no wit to guide them.

Sin has no more right to a place in our life than a burglar has in our bed-room.

Wherever a man is in need we should see the opportunity of helping him in proportion to our ability, regardless of his personality.

It is easier to do right than it is to get credit for it. Do not crave the credit.

Seeking the roses of health in the red cup you may find the rogue of ruin.

We shall pass through this world but once; therefore, let us do, while here, all the good we can.

The obligation to observe the Sabbath goes back to the very purpose of God concerning the world.

The race may not always be to the swift, but the fast young man soon arrives at the end of his course.



JESUS BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER.

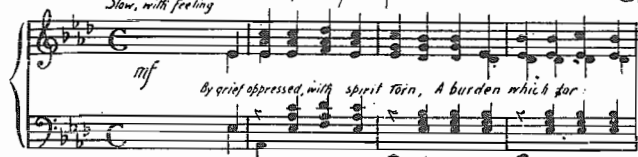
applications." This is not so with the Salvation Army. I am convinced of this fact, up and down our country there are hundreds of young men and women, with bodily strength, who know in their own hearts that God has destined them to be officers in the Salvation Army. Just as much as He commissioned Jesus to be the Christ, has He called them to be saviours of mankind. What are you going to do about the matter? This is your day of "coming of age." You have heard the words of Jesus, "As the Father hath sent Me, so I send you." The day you should make it known has arrived. Will you do it? Or do you intend to live an aimless life, which is sure to be barren and unfruitful?

Before passing on, allow me to ask, "What shall your answer be?" In the words of the

THE PLEA OF CONTRITION

Words and Music by
 EVANGELINE BOOTH,
 Commissioner.

Slow, with feeling

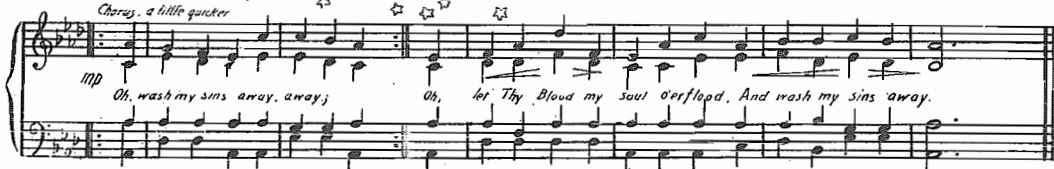


By grief oppressed, with spirit torn, A burden which for

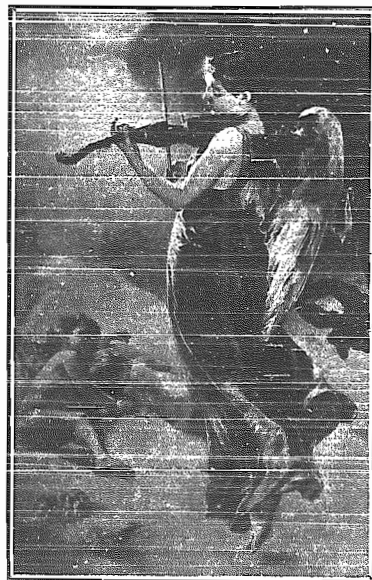


years lie borne, Distressed, condemn'd, wounded, torn, Thy pity, Lord, I plead.

Chorus, a little quicker



Oh, wash my sins away, away; Oh, let Thy Blood my soul overflow, And wash my sins away.



By all the grief my sin has wrought,
 By all the mercy Thou hast brought,
 By all the love Thy suffering taught,
 My pardon, Lord, I plead.

By all the Garden's night and dread,
 By nail-pierced feet and thorn-crowned
 head,
 By all the blood for sinners shed,
 My cleansing, Lord, I plead.

By what Thy mercy bids Thee spare,
 By all on Calvary Thou didst bear,

By every promise made to prayer,
 Thy saving grace I plead.

When out before the Great White
 Throne

My thoughts and doings must be shown,
 Then I shall stand by grace alone,
 My soul by God redeemed.

Within the Gates Faith's anchor cast,
 With Life, and Death, and Judgment
 passed,

I then shall see Thy face at last,
 My Lord and Saviour Thou!



Ring Out the Bells.

BY MRS. STAFF-CAPT. STANYON.

"The Dayspring from on high hath visited us; to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace."—*Luke i. 78-79.*

THESE VERSES ASSERT A GLORIOUS FACT.



AGES had swept by, generations had come and gone; through the march of four thousand years men had looked forward to the fulfilment of the Promise made by Jehovah amid the shades of Eden. "But He Whose word can never pass away," and "with Whom is no variability," neither shadow of turning," evidenced His faithfulness, and, "in the fulness of time," gave His crowning gift to man.

The open gates of Paradise threw down to earth a path of light which angels traversed, who, in the midnight hours, revealed the wondrous story to wondering shepherds upon the hills of Bethlehem. Never before was human ear and heart so thrilled, as, with the sweetest melody, the angels sang that song of songs, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." Long after the Eastern night had wrapped itself again in its mantle, the sweet refrain echoed and re-echoed in their hearts.

"On earth peace, goodwill towards men."

One desire possessed them, they must hasten to seek the promised Saviour. The sign was, that they would find Him lying in a manger. What a cradle for the Prince of Heaven—but surely in those days of earliest infancy did the Babe of Bethlehem lie beneath the shadow of the Cross. He might have come to a royal palace and been wrapped in regal purple, but He chose the stable, despising the pomp and glory of the world, which men esteem so highly.

Whilst shepherds hasten to adore Him, wisemen from the East were approaching His birth-place, led thither by a star. No effort, no expense, no trouble, no danger was allowed to thwart their purpose. They believed they were Divinely led, and that their guiding star would conduct them safely into the presence of Him Whom they sought.

What marvelous, mighty Faith is here! Faith leading across burning desert and dreary plain; Faith following unfalteringly the onward movement of the star; Faith peering through mystery, and marching on till lost in sight. And has Faith ever failed? Ten thousand voices could answer from the heights above. "Nay, Faith fails not," but wherever in the soul of man is living Faith, it has power to climb each steep, ride every storm, pierce every cloud, and appropriate the blessing which it most desires. May God increase it in our hearts, that Faith's hand may take the special blessings which this Christmas season holds for us.

As the travelers drew near their journey's end, they enquired not for Herod, who then occupied the Judean throne; but He Who was born "King of the Jews." They recognized in the helpless Babe a greater than Herod, or any other potentate of earth. Their search was rewarded, and to the infant Saviour they presented first themselves, and then their gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh—denoting their faith in Him as King, as God, as man.

WE ARE TAUGHT BY THIS TWO-FOLD PICTURE THE WIDENESS OF GOD'S PLAN FOR MAN.

In the revelation to the Jewish shepherds and Gentile philosophers is the fact that all the benefits of His great salvation were for all men—for poor and rich, for illiterate and learned, for lowly and cultured, for the least of earth as well as the greatest.

He has come, and not for one race only, but for all the nations of the world. His salvation sweeps away all differences and distinctions, and makes the recipients of His grace as one great family. Such infinite love, such boundless mercy, such matchless grace, leaving no one out, but embracing even you and even me!

He has come, and the world as yet felt His touch, for they are passing into His Kingdom from north, and south, and east, and west. He has come, come to us in our darkness and sin, as we sat in the shadow of death, and we can say, "To us He has given the power to become the sons of God." Nor has He neglected you, poor sinner, but He has come, ah, how often! Although His overtures have been rejected again and again, He has not wearied, but in seasons of sunshine and cloud He has visited you. Invite Him, then, to abide with you this Christmas-time, and then, with us, rejoice because "the Dayspring from on high hath visited us."

AGAIN OUR VERSES PROCLAIM A GLORIOUS MISSION.

(a) *He came to give light.* To the Jews the Saviour's mission was a bitter disappointment. They thought He would shine as the central figure of a Royal Court, and march to battle with results that would cause the achievements of the Caesars to appear as naught. They had expected deliverance from the heel of the hated Roman, and, in anticipation, once more led the way as a conquering race. But God's ways are not the ways of men. His humble birth-place declared "His Kingdom was not of this world." The sceptre He swayed was love, not force. He came to give light to the benighted world, and as the glory of the Lord shone around those heavenly songsters, dispersing the gloom of the Eastern night, so, at the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, the shadows began to retire, and the spiritual gloom of the world to depart.

Despite the efforts of priests and teachers, the people were in the darkness of ignorance, and the world was waiting for a spiritual light, and, with Him, it came to men! It daily streamed from Him "in Whom is no darkness at all," from the first to the last hour of His life. It lent the glory of Divinity to the discourses of the doctors in the Temple, and when His public ministry began, the light revealed itself in every word and deed.

Light streamed as He taught the waiting crowds upon the shores of Galilee. Light streamed as He blessed the little children upon the plains of Salem. Light streamed as He healed the sick, and cured the blind, in the highways of Judea. Light streamed through the power of His touch when that mother received her blessing at the gates of Nain. Light streamed at the majesty of His voice when King Death yielded from the grave his prey to the Prince of Life. Yes, light streamed from all His sermons, from all His parables, from all His miracles, and from all His warnings, from all His interviews, even when talking with the ones and twos in the byways and waysides.

The Sun of Righteousness had risen with healing in His wings for sinful humanity, and the Great Magnet of souls attracted men to Himself all the way from Bethlehem to Calvary. Even the shadows of death could not rob Him of this drawing power, for in His dying agony the penitent thief, in spirit, crept to His feet, and, with his Saviour, was borne to Paradise.

(b) *He came to guide our feet into the way of peace.* The way to God had been blocked by almost insurmountable and cruel barriers, by the hypocritical religious leaders of the day, the sincere seekers after righteousness and peace being thrust back at every effort into a deeper abyss of darkness and doubt.

Christ recognized the situation. Notwithstanding their Pharisaical prayers at street corners, the choice language of their lips, the breadth of their phylacteries and spotlessness of their robes, Christ knew their character! He was acquainted with their hollow professions and their despicable selfishness, and with words which were as sword-points, sharpened by Divine authority. He, with the ministry of Omnipotence, rent the veil, denouncing their iniquities and bringing down the woes of God upon them.

Here is a lesson of great importance. It gives us an insight of God's indignation and judgment at oppression and injustice. Men who abuse their trust, and use their privileges for the promotion of self, are abhorred by Him. May God forbid that you or I should ever be

charged with this great sin, for we too, have the light and the privilege to stand at some post in God's great Army; but, by Divine grace, we will fulfil our duty faithfully, and, as a true beacon, guide the lost to the Lamb "for sinners slain."

Blessed mission! Christ, the Divine Emancipator, came to deliver from the thrall of man-made fetters, and to guide us Himself through the crookednesses and tangles of tradition and training into the way of peace.

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me," were the star-like words He spoke.

So with Peace our guide, Peace our way, Peace our portion, and the land of Peace our home, we will, with the song of peace upon our lips, lift our voices and raise our banners, declaring to all men that "the Dayspring from on high hath visited us."

THE INCARNATION;

THIS wonderful act of creation, recorded by Matthew and Luke, is called a myth by historical critics, and said to be impossible by some scientists. With both, the Bible is untrue, and God, Who created the first Adam, unable to create a second. Thus does puny man limit the wisdom and power of the Creator.

Ordinary birth begins the existence of a new being after the pattern of its progenitor. The birth of Christ was the coming into the world of mankind of a pre-existing One, of Whom Adam was only a type. (Rom. v. 14-21.) Christ was the Man from heaven, an entirely new creation. (1. Cor. xv. 47-49.) Not born after human generation. His body was a specially-prepared one. (Heb. x. 5.) The Christ was to form part of humanity for two ends. First, to suffer for man's sins; second, to be able to sympathize with human suffering. (Heb. x. 10; ii. 9, 10, 18.) The Son of God, the Most High, enters into the body prepared for Him. The Mighty God enters into union with frail man. Becomes the God-man, come of a woman, come under law. He then began His existence as man, but not of man. (Gal. iv. 4.) Elizabeth must have received by revelation the fact that Mary was to be the mother of her Lord. (Luke i. 43.) The form in which Jesus came into the world does not involve lineal descent from the head of the sinning race. This is utterly impossible, else He could not be an innocent victim to suffer just (or unjust). (1. Peter iii. 18.)

Persecution.

JESUS Christ came with persecution. "He came to His own, and His own received Him not;" indeed, as the prophet said, "They hated Him without a cause," and in their hatred sought to destroy Him from His very birth. In ignorance of His Divine character, from envy, on account of His popularity and influence with the people; from fear, lest His success should in some way interfere with the vested interests of the priests and dignitaries of the Jewish nation, they dogged His footsteps with suspicion, and malice, and misrepresentation, until, in a storm of blind and furious malignity, they impaled Him on the bloody tree.—THE GENERAL.

The Citizens of His Kingdom.

It is of obedient children Christ designs to form His Kingdom. We are to fashion ourselves as such. We are to obey the heavenly calling, for to obey is better than sacrifice. He took upon Him, in His holy incarnation, our form, that He might be obedient unto death, and that we might receive power to become the sons of God. He is the Saviour and Author of salvation to all that obey Him.—THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

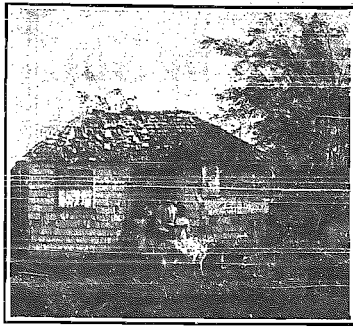
"Kings now round the manger stand:
 Nations kiss the Baby hand."



GRENADA is one of the southern islands of the West Indies (Antilles). Its length is twenty-four miles, and its greatest breadth twelve miles. It is made highly picturesque by ridges of hills, covered with beautiful vegetation, and a range of mountains rising, in some parts, 3,000 feet above the sea level. Rivers are numerous, but not large. The soil is extraordinarily fertile.

"Grenada for Jesus!" Thus reads the motto, in large white letters, on a red ground, which catches the eye of the stranger who enters the already famous Army hall, in Halifax Street, St. Georges. And the two Hallehujah lasses who hoisted the blood-and-fire flag less than four months ago, have made a good beginning towards accomplishing their noble resolve. It would take a deal of space to adequately describe the really wonderful operations of the Army, since its establishment in this lovely island, so that readers must be content with a passing word on some of the most noteworthy incidents. As is often the case when the Army first opens fire in a new country, or town, the people were somewhat disappointed, that instead of an army of seasoned warriors, with band playing, and colors flying, two simple Salvation Army lasses made their appearance on the scene, and announced their intention of winning Grenada for Jesus. Their disappointment, however, was short-lived, for in a few weeks a full band of men and women, saved and happy, were found at the side of these two soldiers of the cross, marching the streets, and witnessing for Christ in the open-air and in the barracks. Some of the worst, and, on the other hand, some of the most respectable, have knelt at the penitent form, and are now engaged in this blessed soul-saving war, fighting shoulder to shoulder, and glad to belong to the Salvation Army.

Staff-Capt. Tucker has since visited the island, and enrolled an excellent company of recruits under the flag—thirty in number. Among the converts sworn in was the Chief Warden of the Prison, a saved jail-bird, tailors, shoe-makers, coachmen, servants, dress-makers, etc. They are smart-looking, respectable men and women, and are a credit to the Army. "They manifest," says the Staff-Captain, "a proper blood-and-fire spirit, and I am sure will compare favorably with any West Indian Salvationists."



TYPICAL NEGRO HUT, ST. LUCAS, GRENADA.

SOUL-WINNING AND SOUL-KEEPING.

BY BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

Soul-Winning.

THE good Book says, "He that winneth souls is wise," and again, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God. Who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not." Every officer and soldier in our ranks has been called to be a winner of souls; then let us ask ourselves, this Christmastide, "How far have we been successful in our grand and glorious calling?" The writer's soul was stirred recently by reading in the Cry a statement made by Commissioner McKie, on the occasion of his farewell for Australia, that he had seen 57,000 souls seek God; and while we cannot all be McKies (for few are as gifted as he is, and then we have not the wide field of opportunity that he has had) yet we contend if we are not winning souls, then we have missed our calling.

HOW ARE WE TO WIN SOULS?

(1) *Love them.* Love wins always! Not only tell them you love them, but *love them*. When a sinner really once believes that you love him, not only in word, but in deed, you can lead him almost anywhere, and you will wield a holy influence over him. Let love be in your songs, your prayers, your talks, and, above all, your deeds.

"Let love be first, let love be last, Its light o'er all my life be cast; Come now my Saviour from above, And deluge all my soul with love, So that, wherever I may go, Thy love shall conquer every foe."

Love will make you tender and full of sympathy. Paul says, "Love suffereth long, and is kind." Even if some poor souls have been a few times to the Mercy Seat and failed, love them still. Don't cut them off—to do that means to damn them, for the Army is their hope. Oh, that the love which was demonstrated to the world in the manger, in the garden, on the cross, may fall upon every officer and soldier in our ranks.

who seemed so bright and glad. Stepping to her side one of the officers asked, "Are you happy, Nellie?" Her bright smile was answer enough, while she said, "Oh, yes! I did not think that it was possible for me to be so happy again."

The following week she was confined to her bed. The doctor told us it was only a question of a few weeks, as the disease was deeply seated. Nothing could be done but keep up her strength, and alleviate the pain. In spite of all what was done she seemed to be quickly slipping away. When asked if she did not wish to see her father, she hesitated in her reply, but said, "Oh, nurse, dear, if he should come drunk, and if he should be unkind, I could not stand it, because I cannot help feeling that he gave me the first start downwards. If my home had been different I never would have been like this." Words like these, spoken by dying lips, do not seem to be forgotten, and ought to be sound in every unconverted parent's ears. While on her sick bed, during the first few weeks, she had found a new source of joy and warmth. She had found Jesus. Slowly, but is absent, she entered into the new life, and the said unto the sinner, great indeed to her. Kind forgiven thee." Had taken charge of her in faith in yourself! Have faith in see her, but here and you'll get souls. You won't drive them, but you will win them.

Soul-Keeping.

SO much for "winning" them, but what about "keeping" them? We firmly believe if there was as much sweating to keep converts as there is to win them, there would be less leakage between the penitent form and the platform. How to keep them.

(1) *Why, shepherd them.* They are but babes in Christ. At first they will be timid and nervous, and will need to be fed with the "milk of the word." While it is the duty of the Recruiting Sergeant to deal with the seeker at the Mercy Seat, the officer in charge should never allow that soul to leave the barracks without a kindly handshake, and make them feel that the corps is their home. Arrange for the soldiers to welcome them also. An exchange is the wrong place to bring up a spiritual baby in; he will be sure to get a chill under such circumstances, and you need not wonder if he does not return to give God glory. Babies are sensitive, and if he feels he is not wanted there, he goes out again to the cold world, perhaps to perish. Make your barracks as much like home as possible, and while the older members of the flock are not neglected, particular attention must be paid to the converts. Babies need tender care, feeding, rocking, and so do "spiritual babies," not in their sins, but in the faith. Let us take care that even the blood of our spiritual children is not found on our skirts.

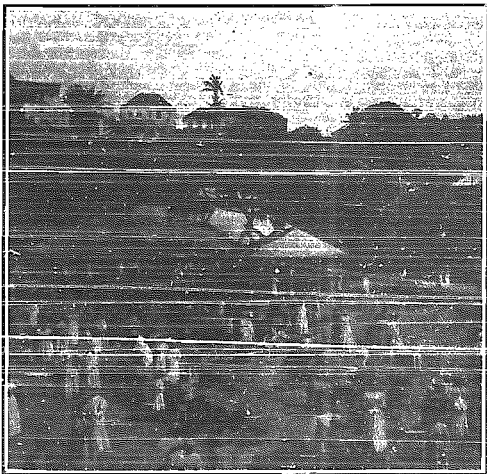
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Some revivals have been talked against, the argument being that the converts did not stand, when, in reality, the fault was not in the "winning," but because the very people who complained did not put forth the effort to "keep" them. Whose fault was it?

(3) *Give them work to do.* Children in the house can be made useful. They can sweep the floor for mother, run errands, etc.; and so spiritual children can be made useful. Get them to testify, sell War Cry, etc., etc., and all this will help to keep them.

Then have them enrolled a month from date of conversion, if they are showing sincerity. It is a mistake to prove, and prove, and prove, before they are enrolled. They wonder why they are not made into soldiers, and eventually they imagine they have not the confidence of the corps, and if they cannot be trusted they will go elsewhere.

Oh, that this Christmastide we may have many precious gifts in the shape of "spiritual children," to bring to Christ, and that His all-powerful grace may keep them all.



GRENADA MARKET DAY.

Ring Out the Bells.

BY MRS. STAFF-CAPT. STANVON.

"The Dayspring from on high hath visited us; to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace."—Luke i. 78-79.

THESE VERSES ASSERT A GLORIOUS FACT.



AGES had swept by, generations had come and gone; through the march of ten thousand years men had looked forward to the fulfilment of the Promise made by Jehovah amid the shades of Eden. But He Whose word "can never pass away," and "with Whom is no variableness," neither shadow of turning," evidenced His faithfulness, and, "in the fulness of time," gave His crowning gift to man.

The open gates of Paradise threw down to earth a path of light which angels traversed, who, in the midnight hours, revealed the wondrous story to wondering shepherds upon the hills of Bethlehem. Never before was human ear and heart so thrilled, as, with the sweetest melody, the angels sang that song of songs, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." Long after the Eastern night had wrapped itself again in its mantle, the sweet refrain echoed and re-echoed in their hearts.

"On earth peace, goodwill towards men."

One desire possessed them, they must hasten to seek the promised Saviour. The sign was, that they would find Him lying in a manger. What a cradle for the Prince of Heaven—but surely in those days of earliest infancy did the babe of Bethlehem lie beneath the shadow of the Cross. He might have come to a royal palace and been wrapped in regal purple, but He chose the stable, despising the pomp and glory of the world, which men esteem so highly.

Whilst shepherds hasten to adore Him, wise men from the East were approaching His birth-place, led thither by a star. No effort, no expense, no trouble, no danger was allowed to thwart their purpose. They believed they were Divinely led, and that their guiding star would conduct them safely into the presence of Him Whom they sought.

What marvelous, mighty Faith is here! Faith leading across burning desert and dreary plain; Faith following unflinchingly the onward movement of the star; Faith peering through mystery, and marching on till lost to sight. And has Faith ever failed? Ten thousand voices could answer from the heights above, "Nay, Faith fails not," but wherever in the soul of man is living Faith, it has power to climb each steep, ride every storm, pierce every cloud, and appropriate the blessing which it most desires. May God increase it in our hearts, that Faith's hand may take the special blessings which this Christmas season holds for us.

As the travelers drew near their journey's end, they enquired not for Herod, who then occupied the Judean throne, but He Who was born "King of the Jews." They recognized in the helpless Babe a greater than Herod, or any other potentate of earth. Their search was rewarded, and to the infant Saviour they presented first themselves, and then their gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh—denoting their faith in Him as King, as God, as man.

WE ARE TAUGHT BY THIS TWO-FOLD PICTURE THE WISDOM OF GOD'S PLAN FOR MAN.

In the revelation to the Jewish shepherds and Gentile philosophers is the fact that all the benefits of His great salvation were for all men for poor and rich, for illiterate and learned, for lowly and cultured, for the least of earth as well as the greatest.

He has come, and not for one race only, but for all the nations of the world. His salvation sweeps away all differences and distinctions, and makes the recipients of His grace as one great family. Such infinite love, such boundless mercy, such matchless grace, leaving no one out, but embraced even you and even me!

He has come, and the world has felt His touch, for they are passing into His Kingdom from north, and south, and east, and west. He has come, come to us in our darkness and sin, as we sat in the shadow of death, and we can say, "To us He has given the power to become the sons of God." Nor has He neglected you poor sinner, but He has come, ah, how often! Although His overtures have been rejected again and again, He has not wearied, but in seasons of sunshine and cloud He has visited you. Invite Him, then, to abide with you this Christmastime, and then, with us, rejoice because "the Dayspring from on high hath visited us."

AGAIN OUR VERSES PROCLAIM A GLORIOUS MISSION.

(a) *He came to give light.* To the Jews the Saviour's mission was a bitter disappointment. They thought He would shine as the central figure of a Royal Court, and march to battle with results that would cause the achievements of the Caesars to appear as naught. They had expected deliverance from the heel of the hated Roman, and, in anticipation, once more led the way as a conquering race. But God's ways are not the ways of men. His humble birth-place declared "His Kingdom was not of this world." The sceptre He swayed was love, not force. He came to give light to the benighted world, and as the glory of the Lord shone around those heavenly songsters, dispersing the gloom of the Eastern night, so, at the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, the shadows began to retire, and the spiritual gloom of the world to depart.

Despite the efforts of priests and teachers, the people were in the darkness of ignorance, and the world was waiting for a spiritual light, and, with Him, it came to men. It daily streamed from Him "in Whom is no darkness at all," from the first to the last hour of His life. It lent the glory of Divinity to the discourses of the doctors in the Temple, and when His public ministry began, the light revealed itself in every word and deed.

Light streamed as He taught the waiting crowds upon the shores of Galilee. Light streamed as He blessed the little children upon the plains of Salem. Light streamed as He healed the sick, and cured the blind, in the highways of Judea. Light streamed through the power of His touch when that mother received her blessing at the gates of Nain. Light streamed at the majesty of His voice when King Death yielded from the grave his prey to the Prince of Life. Yes, light streamed from all His sermons, from all His parables, from all His miracles, and from all His warnings, from all His interviews, even when talking with the ones and twos in the byways and waysides.

The Sun of Righteousness had risen with healing in His wings for sinful humanity, and the Great Magnet of souls attracted men to Himself all the way from Bethlehem to Calvary. Even the shadows of death could not rob Him of this drawing power, for in His dying agony the penitent thief, in spirit, went to His feet, and, with His Saviour, was borne to Paradise.

(b) *He came to guide our feet into the way of peace.* The way to God had been blocked by almost insurmountable and cruel barriers, by the hypocritical religious leaders of the day, the sincere seekers after righteousness and peace being thrust back at every effort into a deeper abyss of darkness and doubt.

Christ recognized the situation. Notwithstanding their Pharisaical prayers at street corners, the choice language of their lips, the breadth of their phylacteries and spotlessness of their robes, Christ knew their characters! He was acquainted with their hollow professions and their despicable selfishness, and with words which were as sword-points, sharpened with Divine authority, He, with the majesty of Omnipotence, rent the veil, denouncing their impurities and blinding down the ways of God upon them.

Here is a lesson of great importance. It gives us an insight of God's indignation and judgment at oppression and injustice. Men who abuse their trust, and use their privileges for the promotion of self, are abhorred by Him. May God forbid that you or I should ever be

charged with this great sin, for we, too, have the light and the privilege to stand at some post in God's great Army; but, by Divine grace, we will fulfil our duty faithfully, and, as a true beacon, guide the lost to the Lamb "for sinners slain."

Blessed mission! Christ, the Divine Emancipator, came to deliver from the thralldom of man-made fetters, and to guide us Himself through the crookednesses and tanglements of tradition and training into the way of peace.

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me," were the star-like words He spoke.

"So with Peace our guide, Peace our way, Peace our portion, and the land of Peace our home, we will, with the song of peace upon our lips, lift our voices and raise our hammers, declaring to all men that the Dayspring from on high hath visited us."

THE INCARNATION.

THIS wonderful act of creation, recorded by Matthew and Luke, is called a myth by historical critics, and said to be impossible by some scientists. With both, the Bible is untrue, and God, Who created the first Adam, unable to create a second. Thus does puny man limit the wisdom and power of the Creator.

Ordinary birth begins the existence of a new being after the pattern of its progenitor. The birth of Christ was the coming into the world of mankind of a pre-existing One, of Whom Adam was only a type. (Rom. v. 14-21.) Christ was the Man from heaven, an entirely new creation. (1. Cor. xv. 47-49.) Not born after human generation. His body was a specially-prepared one. (Heb. x. 5.) The Christ was to form part of humanity for two ends. First, to suffer for man's sins; second, to be able to sympathize with human suffering. (Heb. x. 10; ii. 9, 10, 18.) The Son of God, the Most High, enters into the body prepared for Him. The Mighty God enters into union with frail man. Becomes the God-man, come of a woman, come under law. He then began His existence as man, but not of man. (Gal. iv. 4.) Elizabeth must have received by revelation the fact that Mary was to be the mother of her Lord. (Luke i. 43.) The form in which Jesus came into the world does not involve lineal descent from the head of the sinning race. This is utterly impossible, else He could not be an innocent victim to suffer just for unjust. (1. Peter iii. 18.)

Persecution.

Jesus Christ came with persecution. "He came to His own, and His own received Him not," indeed, as the prophet said, "They hated Him without a cause," and in their hatred sought to destroy Him from His very birth. In ignorance of His Divine character, from envy, on account of His popularity and influence with the people; from fear, lest His success should in some way interfere with the vested interests of the priests and dignities of the Jewish nation, they dogged His footsteps with suspicion, and malice, and misrepresentation, until, in a storm of blind and furious malignity they impaled Him on the bloody tree.—THE GENERAL.

The Citizens of His Kingdom.

It is of obedient children Christ designs to form His Kingdom. We are to fashion ourselves as such. We are to obey the heavenly calling, for to obey is better than sacrifice. He took upon Him, in His holy incarnation, our form, that He might be obedient unto death, and that we might receive power to become the sons of God. He is the Saviour and Author of salvation to all that obey Him.—THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

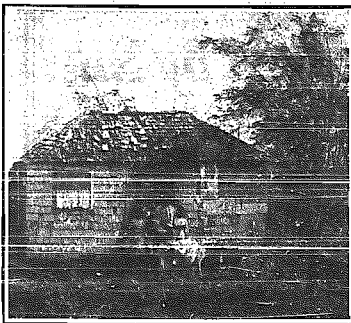
"Kings now round the manger stand;
Nations kiss the Baby hand."

The S.A. Invasion of Grenada.

GRENADA is one of the southern islands of the West Indies (Antilles). Its length is twenty-four miles, and its greatest breadth twelve miles. It is made highly picturesque by ridges of hills, covered with beautiful vegetation, and a range of mountains rising, in some parts, 3,000 feet above the sea level. Rivers are numerous, but not large. The soil is extraordinarily fertile.

"Grenada for Jesus!" Thus reads the motto, in large white letters, on a red ground, which catches the eye of the stranger who enters the already famous Army hall, in Halifax Street, St. Georges. And the two Hallelujah lassies who hoisted the blood-and-fire flag less than four months ago, have made a good beginning towards accomplishing their noble resolve. It would take a deal of space to adequately describe the really wonderful operations of the Army, since its establishment in this lovely island, so that readers must be content with a passing word on some of the most noteworthy incidents. As is often the case when the Army first opens fire in a new country, or town, the people were somewhat disappointed, that instead of an army of seasoned warriors, with band playing, and colors flying, two simple Salvation Army lassies made their appearance on the scene, and announced their intention of winning Grenada for Jesus. Their disappointment, however, was short-lived, for in a few weeks a full band of men and women, saved and happy, were found at the side of these two soldiers of the cross, marching the streets, and witnessing for Christ in the open-air and in the barracks. Some of the worst, and, on the other hand, some of the most respectable, have knelt at the penitent form, and are now engaged in this benighted soul-saving war, fighting shoulder to shoulder, and glad to belong to the Salvation Army.

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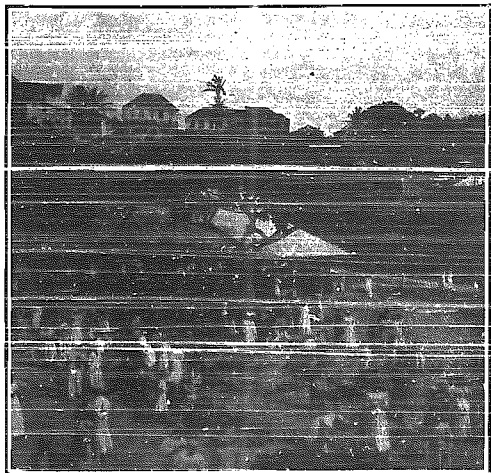
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GRENADA MARKET DAY.

owed by Sin.

BRIGADIER PICKERING. ==

the future, painting many a roseate picture of what he intended to do and be, in a few years. He thought his mother too nervous, and laughed at her expressions of fear lest some harm happened to him.

His father added many wise counsels and warnings concerning the numerous pitfalls that beset the path of young men. Alec, with the eager confidence and buoyancy of youth, assured him that he need have no fears, he would keep straight.

Next morning, amidst many tears and demonstrations of affection, he took his leave and was soon speeding on towards his cherished ambition.

At first his letters were sent regularly, and brimmed over with news of his work and new surroundings. He had got a good situation, and, to do him justice, with all his faults, he was energetic, hard-working, and, consequently, soon rose to a position of trust.

With saddened heart his mother noted the lengthening intervals between his letters, and she perceptibly began to age. The look of care also deepened on his father's face. In this manner time sped on. Alec had been gone several years, and, excepting one or two short visits, little was seen of him; but he did not seem the same, and appeared in a hurry to get away again.

Meanwhile other changes had come over the old homestead. Jessie had married and had a little home of her own. Duncan Graham, after a trying illness, grew feebler, and the struggle to make ends meet seemed greater than ever.

At last, Elsie and Maggie determined to go to Boston and seek situations where they could earn more, and render better help to their parents.

It was the night before their departure, and a deeper tinge of sadness than usual pervaded the little circle, each one seeking to cheer the other, though the effort seemed to end in failure, and presently they sank into a gloomy silence. Suddenly they were startled by a loud rap at the door. A message was handed in. What could it mean? A telegram was a rare occurrence at the Graham home. With trembling hands Duncan opened it, and read:

"Alec arrested on charge of forgery."
With a groan the old man sunk into his chair, while, with an agonizing cry of, "Oh, my Alec!" the heart-broken mother fell fainting on the floor.

This new trial bore down very heavily on the group. All thought of going away had to be abandoned. Elsie and Maggie must now remain to care for their mother. The days sped by in suspense and agony, and at last came the news that Alec had been found guilty, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

The blow fell heavily, and the poor mother, whose heart seemed crushed with the weight of grief, rapidly drooped and soon slipped away. After the death of his wife old Duncan Graham grew very feeble, and it was all apparent he would not long survive her.

The story of Alec's fall and arrest was a fresh cause of grief.

It appears he got mixed up with a lot of fast young fellows, who led him on, taught him how to drink, smoke, and gamble, and before long the passion of gambling had bound poor Alec, hand and foot. Maddened by heavy losses, he had been tempted to use his employer's money in the hope of regaining his own, but less succeeded loss, until he, in a fit of desperation, forged his employer's name to a cheque for a large amount. Detection, arrest, and imprisonment followed, until the "shadows of sin" grew into the night of despair, and amidst the lash and smart of a convict's life, he learned the truth of his father's oft-repeated text, "The ways of transgressors are hard."

CHAPTER III.

A STRANGE PEOPLE.

Meanwhile another event happened, which was destined to play an important part in the life of another member of the Graham family.—The Army came.

What a world of meaning there is in this little sentence, "The Army came." The quiet of the little town was suddenly disturbed by the advent of this "strange" people, with their drums, banners, and peculiar garb. On her way to Sunday School Maggie Graham saw a group of people singing and preaching to a crowd, near the Post Office.

A strange fascination drew her to the ring, and she stood spellbound, listening to one after another as they told of changed lives and happy homes—"since the Army came." She soon began attending the meetings. Although warned against the mistake of mixing "excitement with religion," she liked the Army, the hearty singing suited her, but one thing did puzzle her, they talked about being "saved." Was it possible for anyone to know this before they came to die? and, if so, was she saved? The thought troubled her, and caused many uneasy moments. She had gone regularly to the church and Sunday School, but no one had ever asked her the question.

A few weeks later she decided to stay to a prayer meeting, and while sitting at the back of the hall, a gentle voice questioned, "Are you saved, dear?" Maggie looked up, and her eyes met those of the Army Captain, shining from beneath her Army bonnet, and ere long Maggie was amongst the seekers at the penitent form.

Would she be a soldier? She thought of her Sunday School class, and the old associations. "It's not for such as you," said her sister, whose pride received a wound that a Graham should mix with that lot.

But Maggie had given herself definitely to God and determined to be out-and-out. Her energetic spirit soon marked her out for position, and the Captain gave her some War Cry to sell. She succeeded so well that, after a few months, she was placed in charge of the periodicals.

Old Duncan Graham had been failing fast, and when the Fall came, with the fading leaf he passed away, and the sisters broke up the old home and went to situations. Maggie entered the service of God-fearing, Christian people, who gave her every opportunity for her loved work of visiting and War Cry selling.

"Where He leads I will follow—
I will follow all the way."

It was the close of a very impressive holiness meeting, when the visiting officer—a Major—was calling for workers for the vineyard. Could she follow? For some time a feeling that God wanted her for greater service had been growing upon her. There was a struggle. "Is there one here," cried the Major, "who will come out and consecrate their lives to follow Jesus all the way?" Maggie got the victory, and at the holiness table consecrated her life to the service of God. Her forms were sent for, and in due course Maggie said goodbye to her old associates, and entered the Training Garrison.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW LIEUTENANT.

How precious were those few months spent in the Training Garrison, the earnestness of the "Home Mother," with her many practical lessons from the "F.O." and "D.D." Maggie's one great anxiety was lest she would never be able to properly fill the position of an officer, but she determined to do her best. The weeks passed by, and after four weeks as a Cadet, Maggie was sent as Lieutenant to R—. Many times she prayed that day as the train sped on, that God would use her for the salvation of sinners, and hot tears fell as she thought of her brother in his cell; if she could only find him out and know that he was saved. Long and earnestly did she pray that God would bring the prodigal home. She had often sung—

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free."

...ove wild, rugged, possibly no spot would be a greater source of attraction than Cape Breton, its forests of pines and rocky soil, with here and there huge boulders rising precipitous to the sky, forming at once a spectacle of majesty and awe-inspiring grandeur.

Near the shores of St. George's Bay—which rolls in its blue waters 'twixt the two "recently born" cities, now throbbing with the ceaseless energies of thousands of busy workers in the huge commercial enterprises that, with mushroom growth, have sprung into life, making the once-quiet spot a veritable bee hive of industry—lived Duncan Graham, with his wife and four children—one son and three daughters. The Grahams, (three generations back, emigrated from "Bonnie Scotland," hoping to secure in "New Scotia" a quicker way to fortune and affluence than the slow-going old town could furnish; but dame fortune had not been quick to shower her favors, and hence the Grahams found the battle of life almost as uphill as in their native village across the Atlantic.

Duncan Graham, like his father and grandfather before him, lived according to his light, discharged his duties faithfully from Monday to Saturday with his employer, and on the Sabbath wended his way to the "kirk" on the hillside, seeking to train up his children in the right way. Summer and winter succeeded each other with very little to break the monotony of their lives, until the family grew up and began to share in the task of laboring for the bread that perisheth.

Alec Graham, the first-born, was, unlike his father, of a warm, impulsive temperament, generous to a fault, but of a reckless disposition that caused him to chafe at the humdrum condition of his life, and oftentimes the gentle, patient mother would drop a tear as she thought of the waywardness of her only son.

Jessie, Elsie, and Maggie, with true Scotch instinct, clung to the home, and never went far away from their father's homestead; but with Alec it was different; he was restless to be away and see the world. The sleepy little town where he was born had not as yet been woke up by the march of the leaders of commerce, its surroundings had lost their charm for him, and he longed to be away and plunge into the whirl of life in the larger cities, and with sorrowing hearts the fond parents gave their reluctant consent for Alec to seek work in the city two hundred miles distant.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRODIGAL.

"Ye'll no forget to read your Bible, and gae ta the kirk o' the Sabbath, my son, will ye?" earnestly entreated the fond mother, as she helped pack the little trunk, placing a Bible, her parting gift, on the top of his clothes.

It was the night before Alec's departure, and he was in high spirits and full of his plans for

Would God not do this for her brother? Faith whispered, "Yes," and a sense of rest and peace came over her.

The train slowed down, and soon the cheery voice of her Captain bade her welcome, and ere long they were seated in their cosy little quarters, chatting pleasantly over a cup of tea of their future plans.

Her first meeting was over, and Maggie lay for a little time, too excited to sleep. How nice the Captain was; she felt sure she would love her, and the few soldiers had been so hearty in their welcomes. So, despite the one great shadow that cast a gloom over her heart—the brother's terrible fall—she fell asleep building many "air castles" of what she would do in the future.

A few weeks after their arrival in R— they were sitting at the hospitable table of a godly couple—old, faithful soldiers. They had spent a long day in visitation, and this was their last call. The motherly eyes noted their weariness, and insisted they should remain for supper. The conversation turned upon visitation, and the sad sights to be witnessed in many homes. "Oh, Captain," said their motherly hostess, "I shall never forget the face of a young man I saw in the prison at D—, when last we visited the place for a meeting. Although comparatively young, his long imprisonment had told fearfully on him. One of his jailors said it was a sad case, he had had a good bringing up, and —"

"What's the matter, Lieutenant?" A startled cry made all eyes turn upon her. She was looking very white. Was it possible?—could it be her brother? "What did you say his name was?" faintly asked the young Lieutenant. "I don't know, dear," replied the kind-hearted woman, "but I shall never forget the look on his face; he seemed so full of bitter agony and shame at his position."

Through the blinding tears that rained down her face, Lieutenant Graham told the sad story that had broken her parents' hearts and shadowed their lives.

"Would it be possible to get in to see him?" queried Maggie.

"Oh, yes," replied the elder woman, and arrangements were made to go the very next day. Their tears mingled together as they knelt to pray, that He Who came as the Son of Man, to seek and save that which was lost, would save that prodigal son and brother.

CHAPTER V.

FOUND AND FORGIVEN.

'Twas with a beating heart that Maggie and her Captain walked up the road leading to the huge building, surrounded by high, gloomy walls, and still more so when they found themselves ushered into the Chief Warden's office. The Captain briefly explained their mission. Was there such a man there?

"Yes," said the Chief. "Poor fellow! It has made a wreck of him."

After a little time they were conducted to a room, and soon Alec, between two warders, was brought in. Could that pale, emaciated man, with close-cropped hair, be her brother, the bright, strong, fun-loving youth, who had left home with such high ambitions and expectations? "Oh, Maggie," sobbed the remorseful prodigal, as she threw her arms around his neck.

With many convulsive sobs, he told his sister the story. "I forgot to pray, neglected my Bible, got into bad company, gambling became a passion, and then—you know the rest," he wailed. "My life is ruined; I can never look my fellow-man in the face again. Poor father's words are true. 'The ways of transgressors are hard.'"

"But, Alec," sobbed Maggie, "Jesus can save the worst. Won't you ask Him to pardon you now?"

Down on the cold stone floor they knelt. Tears of repentance flowed, as, brokenly, he cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," and ere the time for parting came, light and peace had come to his soul, the thick clouds of sin dispersed, and the life so long "shadowed by sin" began to feel the first rays of the Sun of Righteousness lighting up the chambers of his spirit, while the sweet voice of Mercy whis-

pered, "Peace, be still," and the storm of sin gave place to the calm of forgiveness.

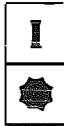
* * *

Some months later, through the intercession of friends, he was liberated, and Alec's first act was to go to the Army barracks and give thanks to God for His mercy and goodness.

Alec is seeking, by a consistent life, to redeem the past, but his health has been impaired, and, while striving to do his duty faithfully to God and man, he often thinks of the "what might have been," if he had only remembered his mother's God, and his life had not been shadowed by this one great sin.

The Story of a Broken Heart.

BY ENSIGN HICKS, OTTAWA RESCUE HOME.



It was such a dismal, dark day; snow and sleet were fast falling. How long the time seemed! Would father never come? Thus they kept asking each other. They were such wet mites, standing by the window of their country home, Nellie and Alice. They had been so happy until father took to drinking so heavily, and now their darling mother was slowly dying of that dread disease, consumption, no doubt hurried on by the father's downward course.

This morning he had started early to the city for medicine; it was growing late, and still he did not come. It was only the old story of drinking and being led away; he had met some old companions and had forgotten all about his wife and little ones at home.

In a few days they laid mother away in the old church-yard, and after the funeral a wealthy relative took little Alice home with her, leaving little Nellie, father's favorite, with him. For a time things seemed brighter, although no one could ever tell how much the young and tender heart of Nellie missed her darling mother. But she was brave and good, and thought the angels would surely take the news to her mother in heaven, that father was not drinking now. How happy she would be to know it. But Nellie's happiness was short-lived; father soon broke all good resolutions, to sink into deeper depths of sin than ever before.

He soon married again, but this time the woman of his choice did not try to make life very bright for little Nellie; on the other hand, she wanted to send her away. At the age of fourteen Nellie left the only place she could call home, to earn her living in the city. For a time all went well; she was very happy as nursery-maid, staying with one family three years. But in a dark hour, one who should have protected and shielded her fair young life, blighted and crushed it, and left her alone in a strange city. He promised to return soon to marry her, but as time went on she found that he did not fulfil his promises. When money was getting low, she was obliged to seek cheaper lodgings, and so on down, until found by one of our city missionaries, in a small, bare room, with no fire, and scarcely enough covering to keep her and an infant at her breast from freezing. The case was reported to the Matron of our Army Home, and at once steps were taken to have her removed to the Home, where she might be cared for, with her child.

For a time she seemed to improve and grow stronger; but, alas! our worst fears were soon realized. Having inherited a tendency to consumption, the past year of exposure and sorrow had hurried it on. Already the germs of the disease had fastened itself upon her young life.

Our Christmas festivities were held in the spacious work-room, which had been kept locked during the past few days. Just look within its walls for a few minutes with me. It was prettily decorated with evergreens and flowers. Two Christmas Trees, one for the children and one for the girls, all weighed down with gifts for all, are there. Our family was by no means small, children, and girls, and officers numbering about seventy-two in all. There were music, and singing, and laughter, and, for a time, at least, care and sorrow were put aside. One of the fairest of our group was Nellie,

who seemed so bright and glad. Stepping to her side one of the officers asked, "Are you happy, Nellie?" Her bright smile was answer enough, while she said, "Oh, yes! I did not think that it was possible for me to be so happy again."

The following week she was confined to her bed. The doctor told us it was only a question of a few weeks, as the disease was deeply seated. Nothing could be done but keep up her strength, and alleviate the pain. In spite of all that was done she seemed to be quickly slipping away. When asked if she did not wish to see her father, she hesitated in her reply, but said, "Oh, nurse, dear, if he should come drunk, and if he should be unkind, I could not stand it, because I cannot help feeling that he gave me the first start downwards. If my home had been different I never would have been like this." Words like these, spoken by dying lips, once heard will never be forgotten, and ought to sound in every unconverted parent's ears.

While on her sick bed, during the first few days, she had found a new source of joy and solace. She has found Jesus. Slowly, but surely, she entered into the new life, and the change was very great indeed to her. Kind Christian friends had taken charge of her infant boy. Her father came to see her, but here the curtain must be drawn; too full of regrets for his own past life, and down almost as far as a poor drunkard can go, he was not able to see her for any length of time.

When the first gentle breezes of Spring began to blow, and in the Springtime of her life, only nineteen years of age, her gentle spirit took its flight, after weeks of weary pain and patient waiting, without a murmur. God took her home to the land where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. When asked if she was afraid to die, she would smile and answer, "No, I will be glad when Jesus comes. If it was His will, I wish that it was now." We afterwards sang for her that beautiful hymn—

"I shall know Him, as redeemed by His side
I shall stand,
I shall know Him by the prints of the nails in
His Hands,"

which was her favorite hymn. Her faith never grew dim, and when the cold waves of Jordan folded her in their kind embrace, she was ready to join with the blood-washed throng.

Reader, this is only one sketch of a shadowed life. There are many around you in slippery paths to-day. Are you lending them a helping hand? Remember—

"We have only one life—it will soon be past—
—Only what's done for Jesus will last."

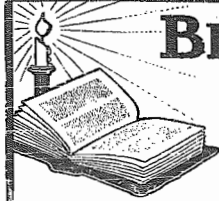
A LETTER FROM OUR INDIAN SETTLEMENT.

Glen Vowell, Upper Skeena, B.C.,
November 8th, 1901.

I had spent two years in this place on October 21st. When I arrived, there were just three log cabins finished; most of the people had no houses. To-day nearly all have warm and comfortable houses, several of which are nice frame structures. Besides these we have now an officers' quarters, a schoolhouse, and a new S. A. barracks. We have received very little help from the outside, yet we have paid our way as we went. Of course, we are just about all dead broke now, but that does not prevent us from being happy, and giving God all the glory for His help and blessings. There are only about 60 inhabitants in the place, and considering we are all Indians, we would like you very much to show us a white man's town that has, comparatively, done more for itself, and for God's work, in the same length of time, as it would stir us on to greater effort. But if you cannot—well, the world may go on with its burden a little while longer. The barracks—well, I never do any blowing. I leave that to the winds, and for that reason I can only say, "Come and see."

Yours to see the end of the battle,

J. P. THORKILDSON, ENSIGN.



BIBLE READINGS FROM JAMAICA. How Christ Came.



THE leaves of the Autumn are falling.
And the calendar's leaves now few;
So it seems like a voice that is calling
To us all—Gentile and Jew.

Some rejoice that the Christmas is
nearing,
And are glad that the year has now sped;
No longer they're doubting and fearing
The future, praise God! with a dread.

We've come to the last Bible reading
For the year.—How did Christ come?
And Satan, who's always misleading,
Is saying, "Well, not with a drum!"
Still, carping on how we "catch fishes,"
The critics their master repeat;
Thinking more of the plates and dishes,
Than food which is furnished to eat!

Well, how did Christ come? While the priest-
craft

Controlled the religion
around,
And preached of the com-
ing Messiah,
As if all the truth they
had found,
Away from the lot, in a
manger—
For there was no room
in the inn—
The Promise of God, as
"a Stranger,"
To Bethlehem's city
came in.

One night, while some
shepherds were
watching
Their flocks, came a
heavenly light—
The glory of God shone
around them
Till they were afraid
of the sight.

But the angel of God that
appeared

Said, "Fear not! I
bring you great joy
In the city of David is born,
(Of a virgin, a baby boy
Which is Christ, our Saviour and Lord.
So now you may all go and see
His swaddling clothes there in the manger.
And this is the sign it is He."

Then a host of the angels of heaven
Were seen praising God in the sky,
Saying, "Peace on earth, goodwill to man!
But all glory to God on high!"

And the shepherds all hurried away,
And did as he bid them to do;
And when they had come to Bethlehem,
They found every word of it true.
Their hearts were so filled with the story,
Their faces reflected their joy,
That they told their friends of the glory
That had come through this Baby-Boy.

Thus Christ came, unexpected by most,
In a poor, undignified way—
He came somewhat as the Holy Ghost
Oft comes among Christians to-day!

How did He come to my sinful heart?
Well, not as I thought He would come—
Why from my friends should I "waik apart,"
Just to follow an Army drum?
I thought all along I should find Him
In some stately building, forsooth:

But looked for Him till my eyes grew dim,
Although I was then but a youth;
And I strove, and prayed, and tried again,
To get into the "narrow way."
By carrying creeds, but all in vain,
For I never could sing, "Happy day!"

It was when that Salvation Army,
That so many people despise,
Came with their noisy meetings,
And created such a surprise,
That I got, you may say, "excited"
About my soul, and heaven, and hell;
To the penitent form invited,
I was saved, as many can tell.
Yes, plucked as a brand from the burning,
But as for wearing the red!
Or joining the Salvation Army!
I thought I would sooner be dead!
But I've found what you say you won't do,
Is often the thing that you will,
And, after some years of experience,
Believe in this theory still.



HOLY NIGHT.

Reader, p'raps you've a plan in your mind,
As to how Christ will come to you:
You can picture the place where He'd find
Yourself saying, "What must I do?"
You fancy you know just the meeting,
And just what the preacher will say—
You've dreamt of the heavenly greeting,
When your sins shall have rolled away.

But I fear you may be mistaken;
God's ways are so different, far—
That when you from sin's sleep awaken,
You'll wonder to see where you are!

Oh, sinner, what sort of a Christmas
Do you, in your sins hope, to spend?
Have you counted the cost of conduct
That sooner or later must end?
You mean to be merry this Christmas,
You mean to be happy, you say;
We wish you the greatest of blessings—
Salvation in Christ, Christmas Day!

ADJT. PHILLIPS

The cradle of all Christian grandeur is the
crib of Bethlehem.

The watchwords of Christians are: "Glory
to God and goodwill to men"—the heartiest
love of souls turned to the most practical ser-
vice of man.

"Be to Me a Jesus."

BY ADJT. C. A. PERRY.



THE music was beautiful. Worship-
pers were many. The church was
decorated for Christmas, and every-
body seemed to understand the
meaning of it all. It was Christ-
mas Eve, and a special service was
being conducted. I was, by special
arrangement, in attendance, and deep
interest possessed me as the service proceeded.
Looking at the decorations, I could not help
but notice a motto hanging over the gallery,
the words of which rivetted themselves on my
very heart. It was a prayer, reading as follows:

"JESUS, JESUS, BE TO US A JESUS."

It seemed to the writer like the heart-cry of
some hungry soul. Who suggested the words
of that motto? Possibly very few of the on-
lookers knew. Yet before that large crowd it
stood out in prominence, no doubt voicing the
feeling and deep desire of a number of hearts.
Was it not stated before the advent of the
Babe of Bethlehem that His name should be
called Jesus, "for He shall save His people
from their sins"? Did not the angels announce
to the shepherds that there was born unto them
a Saviour which was Christ the Lord? Many
titles have been given to the Son of God, the
world's Redeemer, Whose coming we remember
with freshness at this Christmas season. None,
however, come to us with greater sweetness,
nor arouse deeper feelings of gratitude in our
hearts, than the name and word *Jesus*. How
much it signifies—"For He shall save His
people from their sins." Can anyone, therefor,
frame any more earnest heart-cry than the
words of the motto alluded to, "Jesus, Jesus,
be to us a Jesus?"

Let it be more personally put: Be to me a
Jesus. Be to me a personal Saviour. How
many have cried out in the depths of heart-
anguish, "Oh, that I knew where I might find
Him! Oh, that I knew His saving grace!"
The shepherds of old were directed by the
angels where to find the new-born Babe, that
they might worship Him. Hungry soul, there
will come a messenger to your heart, telling
you where to find the Lord, even Jesus the
Saviour, that you might not only bow in adora-
tion like the shepherds, but, leaving your sins
at His feet, bow in submission to His will.

Christ is not in Bethlehem's manger, not in
the garden, nor on Golgotha's height; not now
treading the wine-press alone, but

AT THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD, THE FATHER,

making intercession for us, and longing to
send the Comforter, that He might dwell in
our hearts by faith. However, the scenes and
states of loneliness, suffering, and shame had
to be passed through by our Lord that He
might accomplish Heaven's designs and fulfil
the meaning of His name—Jesus. "To you
which believe, He is precious," says the word
of God. Faith opens the door into His pres-
ence, and we see not the Babe in the manger,
but the risen Lord, and, forfeiting our sins,
we adore Him as Lord.

The shepherds looked upon Him in human
form; but was that all? No! They saw in
Him the Hope of Israel, the promised Messiah,
and looked forward to the fulfilment of His
heaven-designed mission. We see Him after
the accomplishment of that mission, and in
deepest gratitude, with the poet we say—

"Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears."

No repentant, anxious soul has yet sought the
Lord, as Jesus, and been disappointed through
not finding Him. He appeared to the disciples
of old in bodily form, but to the true seeker to-
day in spirit, and says, "Peace be unto you."

Reader, do you possess that peace? It only
comes to those who, by faith, having seen the
Lord, have laid their sins at His feet, and gone
forth to live in Him. May the Christ of
Christmas also appear to you another Redeemer,
and may you fall at His feet in worshipful
adoration. May He not be as an object of
worship only, but a living, personal Saviour;
yea, to you a *Jesus*.

~ Christmas Carols. ~

1 Walking with My Saviour.

Tune—Bring my Heart to Jesus (B. J. 151).

I BRING my heart to Jesus, with its fears,
With its hopes and feelings, and its tears.

Him it seeks, and finding, it is blest,
Him it loves, and loving, is at rest.
Walking with my Saviour, heart in heart,
None can part.

I bring my life to Jesus, with its care,
And before His footstool, leave it there.
Faded are its treasures, poor and dim,
It is not worth living without Him,
More than life is Jesus, love and peace,
Ne'er to cease.

I bring my sins to Jesus, as I pray,
That His blood will wash them all away.
While I seek for favor at His feet,
And with tears His promise still repeat,
He doth tell me plainly, Jesus lives
And forgives.

I bring my all to Jesus; He hath seen
How my soul desireth to be clean.
Nothing from His altar I would keep,
To His cross of suffering I would leap,
And the free descending brings to me
Liberty.

2 The Saviour of Mankind.

Tunes—He Lives (B. J. 313); Come, Bethlehem, Praise (B. J. 9).

OH, Christian! rouse thee, for this morn

Commemorates the day when born
The Saviour of mankind.
'Rise and adore His wondrous name,
He Who for guilty souls was slain,
The Saviour of mankind.

CHORUS.

He lives! I know He lives!
He lives! I know He lives!
I know that my Redeemer lives.
(Repeat.)

The angels chant it from above,
And sing around the throne of love,
The Saviour Christ is born.
With them the tidings first begun,
That God's beloved and only Son,
The Saviour Christ was born.

Then to wise men did one appear,
And told them they were not to fear,
A Saviour Christ was born.
To Bethlehem those shepherds ran,
To see the Saviour, born for man,
The Saviour of mankind.

Oh, may we ponder in our mind,
God's wondrous love for lost mankind,
And live to do His will.
Oh, let us all our best gifts bring,
And give them to our Lord and King,
And live to do His will.

—CAPTAIN H. LISTON.

3 Rejoice and Be Glad.

Tune—Break Forth in Songs of Gladness (B. J. 116).

REJOICE and be glad, for lo! the morn-
ing now is breaking;
Sin's dreary night, so fraught with woe, to
its close draws nigh; [the Saviour;
The voices of angels bring the tidings of
"To God be glory!" thus they sing, "and
peace on earth."

CHORUS.

Break forth in songs of gladness! O Earth,
forget thy sadness! [Bethlehem.
The Light has come—for Christ is born in
He is the Lord Immanuel! He comes to save
from sin and hell;
He is the Wonderful, the mighty God, He is
the Prince of Peace.

6 The Lowly One.

Tune—Bending Low (B. J. 208).

THE Saviour chose a lowly place,
When He in Bethlehem was born;
'Twas but a Manger—oh, what grace
To sinful men the Lord has shown!

Chorus.

Bending low, seeking so,
Men to save from endless loss;
Christ came down and left His Throne,
To give His life upon the cross.

For Heaven's joy He chose earth's pain;
For Heaven's peace He chose earth's grief;
Though cruel scorn and bitter shame
He knew from men He would receive.

He had not where to lay His head—
No home on earth did He possess;
Though rich above, He chose instead
So poor to be that He might bless.

From loving hearts, oh, let us bring
To Him the gift of thankful praise;
Think how He stooped at Bethlehem,
And at the cross displayed His grace.

4 Christ Has Come.

Tunes—Better World (B. J. 11); In Memoriam (B. J. 309).

OH, let us hail the Saviour's birth—
Christ has come!
Sweet Messenger of Peace on earth—
Christ has come!
He's come! let men and angels sing,
And through the world the echo ring,
To-day is born our Saviour King—
Christ has come!

All glory to the new-born King,
Christ has come!
Our hearts adore Him while we sing;
Christ has come!
He's come—the Lord of earth and skies—
And in a lowly manger lies,
To gain for us a paradise,
Christ has come!

A living Saviour we have found,
Christ has come!
We'll spread to earth's remotest
bound;
Christ has come!
He's come within our hearts to dwell.
Our Jesus, Lord, Immanuel,
And of His wondrous life we'll tell;
Christ has come!

Poor weary sinner, trembling one,
Christ has come!
He has for you the vict'ry won;
Christ has come!
He's come to save both you and me,
To bear our curse on Calvary,
And every sinner may go free—
Christ has come!

5 Christ, the Loving Friend of Men.

Tune—Out of Love (B. J. 206).

CHRIST, the loving Friend of men,
Left His Father's house on high;
He the cross to bear for them
Gladly laid His glory by.

CHORUS.

Out of love, from above,
To be slain, Jesus came;
On the cross, He it was
Who for the sinner bled and died.

He a Refuge came to be
For the troubled, guilty soul,
'Mid the storms of life's rough sea,
And when Justice' thunders roll.

Full of tenderness was He,
Though but hatred He did gain;
And His prayer upon the tree
Was that men might grace obtain.

To His cross each soul may bring
All its sorrow, all its care;
And the burden of its sin
May be lost for ever there.

